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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Nazis have always hated the corps of foreign correspondents in Berlin because they represent the only independent force left in the country. They prevent Goebbels' propaganda being a hundred per cent. successful. They have been inept, even for the Nazis, in their choice both of victim and of occasion. The four Germans expelled from England were turned out because, as in the case of many among the eighty German correspondents in London, their activities were by no means confined to journalism. By way of revenge the Nazis choose to expel (out of the fifteen British correspondents in Berlin) Norman Ebbutt, the notably honest and distinguished, and by no means anti-German correspondent of the *Times*. At the same time, they threaten all other foreign journalists who do not report exactly what Goebbels wants them to report. The Foreign Press Association in Berlin has replied by a strong resolution and it should be supported by the entire newspaper profession and by the Foreign Office in England.

Is It War?

The Japanese have formally marched into Peking and occupied it with a formidable mechanised garrison. While it is still possible that any coming struggle may be localised in the North, it is no longer certain that a general war can be avoided. The Japanese have expelled Chinese residents, mainly students, from Japan, and continue the withdrawal of their own subjects from China. They have now evacuated their concession at Hankow, which at first they meant to defend. An incident at Shanghai, in which a Japanese naval officer and a sailor were shot by Chinese sentries while presumably spying on an aerodrome in circumstances that are the subject of completely contradictory accounts, may be used to excuse violent reprisals, if the Japanese are so minded. Some thirty Japanese warships are gathered off Woosung at the mouth of the Yangtse as if for a naval demonstration, and marines have been landed. The Japanese are, however, still prepared to test "Chinese sincerity" by negotiations at Nanking. Chinese armies, meanwhile, are concentrating by the railways that converge on Peking. There has been fighting at Nankou; and official statements by the Government seek to prepare the people for a long war, in which there may be reverses during the early months.

Stalemate Over Spain

The Non-Intervention Committee has adjourned *sine die*. The Soviet Union again maintained its opposition in principle to the recognition of Franco, which it would

consent to discuss only after the withdrawal of foreign troops had been completed. Among the "volunteers" to be withdrawn it includes the Moors. This last stipulation, difficult to defend in itself, bluntly terminates a useless and dishonest debate. No one, not even Mr. Eden, can now cherish the illusion that either the Italians or the Germans were prepared for any really substantial withdrawal of their troops. Meanwhile, unless the Powers represented on the Committee pay up the arrears of their subscriptions to the control scheme, the little that remains of it may fade out for lack of funds. Madrid has again suffered heavy bombardment, and Russian planes are said to be active in defending Santander, but the chief military event is the disturbing rebel push from Teruel towards Cuenca, which threatens an important line of communication between Valencia and Madrid. There may be some truth in the persistent reports from Valencia of fighting among various sections of Franco's troops in Granada, Toledo and Malaga. The attacks by seaplanes on the British ship *Corporal* has led to an odd situation in which Franco's admirals in Majorca have admitted that their aviators were responsible, while Franco's Government at Salamanca denies responsibility and lodges a counter-claim against Red aviators for attacking the *Mongoia*.

Zionists and Partition

Every section of the Zionist Congress would reject the plan of partition unless its details can be improved. On the principle of partition the leaders are divided: opponents include Rabbi Stephen Wise of New York and Mr. Ussishkin, the Treasurer of the National Fund. In a powerful speech Dr. Weizmann declared for partition in principle, while indicating his rejection of the plan as it stands. He stipulated that any acceptable scheme must concede full sovereignty to the Jewish State, and open out the prospect of an asylum on a big scale for the persecuted Jews of Germany and Poland. But he combated the central thesis of the Report. The Mandate, he argued, was not unworkable, but the British Administration had never whole-heartedly tried to work it. His criticism of the irresolution and incapacity shown in dealing with the Arab revolt was bitter, but not unjustified. He decidedly rebuffed Lord Samuel's proposals for compromise, as even the most moderate Zionists do. He had every right to protest against the interim decision to abandon the economic test of Palestine's capacity to absorb Jewish immigrants and to include "political" factors also: this means, as the reduction to 8,000 for the current period shows, that Arab hostility is allowed to determine the quota. He might have added that if in the future Arabs can, by violent protests, reduce Jewish immigration to a negligible figure, it is not apparent why they should accept partition. The resolution, which neither accepted nor rejected partition, empowered the Executive to negotiate, but required it to bring the result before another specially elected Congress. This was carried by a two-to-one majority.

Mr. Roosevelt's "Come-back"

Mr. Roosevelt's friends continue to speak of his withdrawal of the contentious clauses of the Bill for the enlargement of the Supreme Court as a "strategic retreat," but the franker view is that it was a very damaging defeat. Senator Borah has followed it up with a startling legal quibble to the effect that no judge of the Supreme Court can resign his office: he may cease to sit, but cannot divest himself of his right to sit. If that view were to be upheld (as it probably cannot be) the President would lose the chance of nominating a liberal judge and so securing a solid majority on the Court, which Mr. Justice Devanter's retirement offers. Gossip is busy over the possible consolidation of Democratic opposition to the President in collusion with the Republicans, but for the moment the malcontents seem to be satisfied with their victory on the Court issue. The Senate, at all events, passed before adjourning, two of the President's five major Bills: the rest are postponed. One of these authorises a big scheme for federal financial assistance to the provision of houses for the working class, a matter in which "rugged individualism" prevailed until recently. The other was in its original form a very bold scheme to replace the ill-fated N.I.R.A. legislation by permanent machinery for the regulation of wages and hours. It laid down as the normal minimum in all trades 40 cents an hour, and as the normal maximum 40 hours a week, while providing for variations to be adapted to each trade by a standing federal commission. This Bill was badly mauled in Committee, but progressives still regard it as valuable.

Reforming the Army

Mr. Hore-Belisha's interim instalment of army reform is designed to maintain the existing size of the army. With recruits coming in at the rate of barely 20,000 a year to make good an annual wastage of about 30,000 time-expired men, recruiting must obviously be stimulated if cadres are not to fall below the minimum necessary even for efficient field-training. It is proposed, first, that men now with the Colours should be allowed to extend their engagement, instead of passing after seven years' service to the Reserve; secondly, that reservists should be invited to rejoin the Colours; and thirdly, that both serving soldiers and reservists should be given an opportunity to re-engage with the Colours in order to complete twenty-one years' service and thereby qualify for pension. At the cost of some depletion of the Reserve, this scheme should help to keep up units' strengths; but it will hardly solve the problem of attracting fresh recruits. The chance of a 21-year pensionable job, instead of a seven-year engagement with unemployment at the end of it, is attractive to the youth who wants to make the army his career; but the number of such youths is strictly limited. Perhaps a change in pay—not necessarily the basic rate, but certainly the increments in the case of N.C.O.s and technicians—would make a difference? Some perhaps. But the truth is that young men no longer want to join the army—largely because they hate all they know of the tradition of army life. The most important change would be a change of spirit by which the soldier ceased to be a barrack-square automaton, still less as a quasi-candidate for Borstal, and was regarded as a citizen of a democracy entitled to respect and responsibility.

Boom Marches On

At first sight the latest unemployment returns seemed to suggest a halt in the expansion of the country's industrial activity. The numbers employed at the end

of July were the same as at the end of June, and those unemployed, 1,379,459, numbered 22,861 more. This increase, however, is almost exactly accounted for by the registration of boys and girls leaving school and not yet absorbed into jobs; and the employed total, which is 511,000 higher than a year ago, would have shown an advance on the month but for holiday stoppages, affecting the jute industry, in Scotland. All the available economic indices combine to show that boom conditions, under the final stimulus of intensive rearmament, are developing unchecked. For the first seven months of the year pig-iron output has averaged 677,000 tons a month and steel 1,057,000 tons, as compared with 643,000 and 982,000 tons, respectively, last year. Over the same period electricity consumption is up by over 13 per cent. and, on a conservative estimate, the country's general business activity has risen by at least 7 per cent., notwithstanding the beginnings of a recession in house-building. For the moment the industrial barometer is "set fair"; the danger is lest the Government should be thereby encouraged to neglect preparations to meet the eventual onset of the next cyclical depression.

The Book Censorship Board

In the last issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION there appeared a small advertisement, headed "The Book Censorship Board," inviting "applications from intelligent gentlefolk for affiliation as book-reviewers." Several readers who answered this advertisement have sent us the replies which they received. They emanate from the Faculty of Criticism, with an address in Knightsbridge (Secretary, Mr. E. Hamilton Hargreaves). Inquirers are invited to send an examining fee of Two Guineas, payable to the Royal College of Literature, whose Secretary is also Mr. Hargreaves. Successful examinees (the examination will be conducted by post) will be elected to membership of the Faculty of Criticism, whose members will be "limited" in proportion to the number of books "reviewable." The promise is made that "book-reviewing will be maintained to afford members the opportunity of earning a minimum of £4 5*s.* weekly, rising in Spring and Autumn to between £9 and £12. Payment for reviews will be assessed at the rate of 10*s.* 6*d.* per hundred pages read." Unsuccessful candidates will be reimbursed in full by the Faculty, which invites successful candidates to contribute "a moiety of their first earnings" for that worthy cause. Promises are easy. But how many publishers are sending books to Mr. Hargreaves for review? How does he propose to market reviews by unknown reviewers so as to afford members of the Faculty of Criticism any reasonable "opportunity" of earning anything like £230 a year from their work? Incidentally what is the Royal College of Literature? Advertisements in this journal are subjected to careful examination before they are accepted for publication. Staff holidays upset our normal procedure and the usual inquiries were not made in this case. We advise any reader who may have answered the advertisement to weigh carefully the questions we have posed above before taking any further action.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
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FOREIGN OFFICE POLICY

THE plain man may well be bewildered by the present phase of British foreign policy. He does not know whether Mr. Chamberlain's letter to the Duce means that he is to be regarded as a friend or as a rival whose Imperial ambitions are incompatible with British interests. He wonders whether we are arming against Germany, as some people tell him, or whether, as so much else seems to suggest, we are really the best of friends with the Führer in spite of the expulsion of our correspondents, our alliance with France, our reputed support of democracy and our membership of the League. Certainly it is a complicated and confusing period. But once we realise that the basic principles and methods of diplomacy have not been even modified by all the New World promises of statesmen in the post-war flush of idealism, it is not difficult to perceive at least the drift of the policy which underlies the superficial contradictions.

The foreign policies of nations are continuous; they are not changed by alternating governments, by fluctuations in public opinion, by scraps of paper like the Covenant of the League of Nations. When they are modified it is as the result of technical advances in communications or in the art of warfare, which may have much the same effect on national security as a change in those unchangeable facts of geography on which the traditional policy was originally based. Thus British policy has been founded on an insular security, on sea-power as the guarantee for the shipping on which our standard of life depended. Feeling secure, we have periodically enjoyed the luxury of sympathising with and sometimes of using our diplomatic influence on behalf of popular causes abroad, but we have only regarded it as wise to run the risk of war when our foreign possessions or trade routes were threatened or when a strong and possibly hostile Power menaced the neutrality of the Low Countries.

To-day it is clear that this policy has not been modified by our nominal acceptance of the obligations of the Covenant and that any changes are due to the air threat to our insular security. Our new vulnerability provides an additional justification to the British ruling class for betraying the League and abandoning its occasional support of popular causes abroad. The real reason, however, for supporting the aggressor rather than his victim is that this ruling class, once Liberal in outlook, is now above everything afraid of the Socialist challenge to its privileged position. Ideology and class-interest unite in support of a policy of favouring the Fascist aggression in so far as it aims at suppressing popular liberties. Resistance only begins where Fascism threatens British vital interests. Hence the apparent duality of policy, but the real continuity of a quite logical and coherent diplomatic line.

A Foreign Minister is almost inevitably in the hands of his officials. They are permanent; he is temporary. They are expert, he at best no more than a gifted amateur. They have the day-by-day control of a world-wide machine which by the very nature of its ceaseless routine involves the acceptance of a tradition and guarantees the power of the nation for purposes well understood by other countries. Britain could only have genuinely supported the League if Sir Robert Vansittart and Sir Maurice Hankey

had believed in it, and to them it was so much childishness.

British policy has therefore gone on its old lines; apparent deviations have been due to the contrast between the actualities of foreign policy, conducted by the Foreign Office, and the public utterances of politicians whose job has been, with varying degrees of sincerity, to voice the idealism of the public and whose talk about the League, collective security and the rest of it, has masked effectively the policy that was actually being pursued. To-day it is obvious to everyone that Mr. Eden's no doubt honest belief in the collective system has served to carry the Foreign Office round an awkward corner, due to the accidental exposure of the real situation at the time of the Laval-Hoare proposals. Sir Samuel Hoare resigned and Mr. Eden took his place. But the change did not help Abyssinia, save the League or, for that matter, make British policy over Spain any more honest than it had been over Abyssinia.

The Laval-Hoare incident gave away the whole show. The actualities of British diplomatic action were consistent right up to the withdrawal, as the result of political pressure, of the proposals which on Foreign Office assumptions were a natural end to the whole affair. As long as Italy did not interfere with British interests the Foreign Office took no moral or dog-in-the-manger objection to Italian expansion; hence the British-Italian discussions on spheres of interest in 1925, the Maffey Committee's enquiry when Mussolini raised the question of the future of Abyssinia again in January, 1935, Mr. Eden's generous offer of Zeila to prevent war and the awkward consequences of having the subject raised at Geneva, and finally the detailed scheme worked out by the Foreign Offices of Rome, Paris and London, presented to Sir Samuel Hoare and signed by him in Paris. The only snag was that we, the Italians and the Abyssinians were all members of the League, and that after many years of political education the public, as the Peace Ballot showed, had begun to realise that we were pledged to a quite new kind of foreign policy which involved co-operating with other countries to stop wars. This public opinion was not strong enough to force a League policy upon the Government, but it was strong enough to make a Government which wished to be returned to office promise to carry out a League policy which the Foreign Office regarded as so much irrelevant nonsense. Hence the outcry and the withdrawal, followed by the official conclusion that the League was no longer a useful cover to keep the public quiet, but a menace, only to be tolerated in future if it was reduced to a mere talking shop, like the old Hague Conferences, where pacifists could blow off steam.

The Spanish war came as another troublesome intrusion, postponing a full settlement with Italy. The fact that to support the Popular Front Government would have made this settlement impossible was in itself a sufficient reason for conniving at intervention, even if hatred of Russia, of Socialism and the "popular front" idea had not in any case made the Foreign Office prefer Franco's victory. Hence the present bargaining and the suggestions that a settlement may be reached in the early autumn. By that time Mussolini may be prepared to renew guarantees about the Balearics and about his other air bases in the Mediterranean and perhaps about his anti-British broadcasts to stir up trouble in Palestine and elsewhere—it being clearly understood that we recognise his conquest of Abyssinia at the first tactful moment and raise no serious objections to co-operating in arrangements that make Franco's victory probable. The difficulty here is that Mussolini is quite likely again to double-cross us, and that he is only pretending to be agreeable to being bought off from his alliance with Berlin. Hence the more careful approach, the emphasis on Britain's new strength in the air, and the more weighty and direct interposition of the Premier.

With the Mediterranean danger eased, if not removed, the far more serious problem of Germany could be more easily tackled. There are, no doubt, members of the Cabinet, as there are influential Conservatives like Mr. Churchill outside the Cabinet, who do not conceive it possible to buy off Germany, who want to reconstruct the League as a bulwark against further Fascist aggression. But the policy of the Foreign Office and of Mr. Chamberlain is to placate Germany and to disentangle Britain from all obligations (they are not military obligations under the Covenant) to oppose a German advance in Central or South-Eastern Europe. The obstacle involved in disentangling ourselves is not the Covenant of the League —that has been disregarded before and can be disregarded again, even if Article XVI is not formally expunged—the obstacle is our alliance with France, an alliance which we cannot in any circumstances avoid because of the overriding necessity of securing the Rhineland against another German invasion. Hence the strange sight of Britain, even while arranging for the fullest military co-operation with France against Germany, doing everything to isolate France from her other allies, happily agreeing to the German-Polish pact, and struggling first to prevent and then to render nugatory the Franco-Soviet pact. As a result of the weakening of her alliances, of the Belgian declaration of neutrality, and of Hitler's reoccupation of the Rhineland, France has lost her power of initiative, and is now more than ever subservient to Britain.

With the League and the French alliances out of the way, democracy surviving precariously, if at all, in France and presumably reduced to a bleeding pulp in Spain, the arguments for British adherence to the Fascist bloc will certainly be powerful. It will be too late to help democracy anywhere, even if a Government arrived in this country determined to do so. It will be too late, even if the will exists, to prevent German domination on the Continent. But it will not, it is calculated, be too late to prevent Germany advancing in the West: if Britain is powerful enough the Western adventure will not be worth while. Here is the real point of British rearmament. It is not to be "used against Germany," but as a powerful bargaining counter in an understanding that German expansion shall be to the East. In the world of diplomacy you build armaments in order to make friendships because the only kind of friendship understood is the sort that exists among thieves—a calculation that to share out is safer than to shoot.

If this line of policy develops—and it looks to-day as if it well might—the world picture in a few years' time is of the British Empire and the United States holding their own, Europe dominated by Fascism, and Russia and China regarded as spheres of colonisation and expansion for Germany and Japan. The date of the war—for Russia is not, like China, practically helpless against mechanised

invasion—would still be as uncertain as its extent.

There are, of course, other possibilities. Hitler is incalculable: he may defeat the best efforts of his friends to make a German-British *entente*. There is another perhaps unlikely possibility which so acute an observer as "Pertinax" thinks worth discussing. If the Franco-Soviet pact is undermined and the League reduced to a farce, may not the U.S.S.R. try to save itself from a dangerous isolation by returning to her old Rapallo policy of friendship with Germany? It may be that the "ideological" hatred is now too great, and it seems that those most favourable to a German agreement are those whom Stalin is now executing or disgracing. Nevertheless, Stalin is a realist and, if Russia is really isolated, he may be prepared to see a renewal of those approaches from Germany which, diplomatic circles are well aware, have actually been set on foot by Hitler within the last two years. Perhaps this possibility, unlikely as it now seems, may be keeping Sir Robert Vansittart and Mr. Chamberlain awake at night. In any case, it must act as a spur to the National Government's desire to make a full settlement with Hitler as quickly as possible at almost any cost to democracy or decency.

ANDORRA UNDER FRENCH OCCUPATION

LOOKING at the map of Spain I often wondered where Andorra "came in" in all this non-intervention business and frontier control.

Andorra, with its population of 7,000 and an area of 500 square kilometres—about 20 miles each way—is divided into six "parishes," and ruled by a Council of 24 members, whose President, the "Syndic,"—roughly the Prime Minister of Andorra—receives a salary of 80 pesetas a year. The State, which has no army or militia, nothing resembling a regular budget and no written criminal law, is under the double suzerainty of its two co-princes, the President of the French Republic and the Spanish Bishop of Urgel, whom it pays annual tributes of 960 and 450 francs respectively. The greater part of the population is concentrated in the valley of the Valira, a tributary of the Ebro; and the rest of the territory is among the wildest and most desolate stretches of mountain country in Europe.

I knew a man who about fifteen years ago went to Andorra on muleback. In those days it was still a sort of minor Tibet. Although I knew that since then communications with Andorra had been partly modernised, I wondered whether, with all this non-intervention control, it would be possible to get there at all. How did this control apply to Andorra? The first thing I learnt on arriving in the Pyrenees was that the international control, at any rate, had never been exercised in the mountain republic. For a moment I visualised a theoretical army of a million volunteers smuggling themselves into Spain through Andorra, and destroying the rebels in twenty-four hours. But the day-dream did not last.

My problem of reaching Andorra was easily solved, for when I got off the Foix bus at Ax-les-Thermes, a little health resort higher up the Ariége valley, I soon noticed a poster announcing a "whole-day excursion to Andorra to-morrow. Ticket 40 francs." How dull—but how convenient! The excursion bus left Ax at nine the next morning, and in less than half-an-hour we had left behind us the acacia groves and rich meadows of the Ariége valley (where, after Norman fashion, they actually manufacture Camembert). The valley was now like a narrow corridor, with huge bleak cliffs towering on either side; and the Ariége itself was now a noisy little brook. After L'Hospitalet, a small locality with a stone quarry and a couple of hotels, the bus turned due west, and proceeded to climb a mountain along a road full of hairpin bends. It was a new road completed only three or four years ago. Up and up it went. We were now about 6,000 feet above sea level. For miles there were no signs of human habitation. The mountains, with only bracken and heather, were of an olive-green tint, with patches of snow here and there. The panorama of the sunlit Ariége valley far below was superb. We passed a party of twenty Spanish refugees, under the escort of French guards. Another 500 feet up, and we reached the Andorran frontier, with a stone cottage on the French side, with a few *douaniers* and *gardes mobiles* on its doorstep, and a tiny wooden hut on the Andorran side, with a nondescript individual in charge. The bus now drove steeply up another mountain until it reached the Envalira Pass, 8,000 feet above sea-level: we were on the crest of the Pyrenees. Geographically, we were now in Spain. After passing a sort of barrack, used as a winter sports hostel, the bus stopped at the first village, where we were closely scrutinised by a party of *gardes mobiles*, and a few miles farther down, at a second village, where we were invited to inspect a decrepit Romanesque chapel built of rough stone, and with a coarsely gilt altar. This, and the general appearance of the village, suggested Spain. Outside the chapel there was a crowd of ten or twelve ragged children selling little bunches of mountain flowers, and singing in chorus a jovial Spanish song, and begging for sous. These sous, we were told, would be carefully handed over to their parents, so that they could buy bread with them in winter. A few more miles down, and the scenery became less bleak; here and there were horses grazing on the hill slopes; and along the bank of the little river (a tributary of the Ebro) there were little patches of anæmic-looking wheat. At last we reached the centre of life—Las Escaldas, a little health resort with hot sulphur springs and several hotels and shops, and a power station which, we were told, provided Barcelona with a large part of its electric light. Las Escaldas is the "tourist capital" of Andorra.

The political capital, Andorra-la-Vieille, is a couple of miles down. Here we did all the correct things: we visited the "Andorran Parliament," a sixteenth-century building with stone steps, a dark "council room" with a few wooden benches, and kitchen adjoining, as well as a vault with a *garrot*, where criminals used to be put to death. The *garrot* was last used thirty-six years ago, since when capital offenders have been handed over to the care of the French. The Grande Place—or whatever it is called—in Andorra-la-Vieille was crowded with French *gardes mobiles*. Altogether, as we approached the Spanish frontier, these became more and more numerous. I soon discovered that the control they exercised along the roads leading to Spain was most rigorous; and that the whole of Andorra was virtually under French military occupation. Colonel Baulard, who commands the *gardes mobiles*, is, as it were, of the Viceroy Andorra. That afternoon he received me with great courtesy at his hotel at Las Escaldas, and ordered a couple of *byrrhs*. He is a fine type of the French soldier, with firm chin, toothbrush moustache, and smiling eyes full of *finesse*. Clearly the right man for handling an absurdly delicate situation, a Lyautey in miniature. It struck me how much nicer French colonels could be than most other colonels.

What follows is not an interview with the Colonel; but is composed of various bits of information that he, and many other people—Frenchmen and Andorrans—gave me during my two days' stay in the mountain republic; for I did not take the bus back that day, but stayed on for a couple of days, which were most delightful, apart from the Andorran cooking, the chief delicacy of which is extremely "high" mountain goat (called *izard*) floating in greasy gravy—and totally uneatable. (I am told, however, that I struck the wrong hotel.)

The truth is that Andorra is another problem and another tragedy arising from the Spanish war.

Though under joint Franco-Spanish suzerainty, Andorra has naturally been part of Spain, geographically, and, consequently, economically. Also linguistically—for the language

is Catalan. The only road to France is 8,000 feet high at the Envalira Pass, and for several months the snow there is ten feet deep. Milk, timber and tobacco are the chief products of Andorra, and Spain has been, from time immemorial, a ready market for these goods. On the other hand, the Andorrans bought all their food and other goods in Spain. On September 26th it was learned that several hundred Catalan Anarchists were preparing to invade Andorra, and to organise a *coup* there. The Spanish suzerain, the Bishop of Urgel, had by this time fled from Spain, and the Andorran Council, despite some intimidation from local "extremists," sent an urgent appeal for protection to the French President, Andorra's other suzerain. A few hours before the Anarchist *coup* was supposed to happen—and in the meantime the priests and the better-off Andorrans had prepared to escape to the mountains—the whole territory was occupied by *gardes mobiles*, who have remained there ever since. Except for an alleged attempt to assassinate the Bishop of Urgel, after which he left Andorra for Italy, things seemed at first to settle down. Trade between Andorra and the Anarchist Committees in Catalonia continued as usual; but on February 1st the Spaniards suddenly decided not to sell anything more to Andorra—though they continued to buy Andorran products.

Was it because of the food shortage in Spain or was it also out of spite against the French administration in Andorra? In any case, Colonel Baulard was faced with a desperate food problem. The road to France was blocked; food reserves in Andorra were negligible; and the people of Andorra were on the brink of starvation. In the absence of sledges the only way of communicating with France was by ski, an art in which the greater part of Colonel Baulard's men had been trained. Apart from that, he had one caterpillar ambulance which could cross the pass even in deep snow. Things reached such a plight that during the late months of the winter this ambulance had to be used for bringing bags of flour from France into Andorra. Although, when the snow had melted, the transport difficulties disappeared, the economic difficulties of Andorra remained as acute as ever. On July 8th a thunderstorm of great violence destroyed the crops in three out of the six Andorran "parishes"; and Andorra is threatened with another winter of famine—unless the French Government simply feeds the population, and brings in adequate supplies in good time. Apart from a small quantity of francs brought into the country by tourists and the French troops, Andorra continues to live on the pesetas it gets from selling its produce to Spain, and the peseta has remained the country's official currency. With depreciated pesetas, worth to-day only 50 French centimes, the Andorrans can hardly buy anything in France; for an average daily wage in Andorra is 12 to 14 pesetas, or 6 francs, that is, roughly, 11*d*. The greatest desire of every Andorran is to see the Spanish war end; and most of them perhaps do not care very much which way it ends. Apart from the problem of keeping Andorra alive, the French authorities in Andorra are also faced with a large number of frontier problems. Although isolated volunteers might conceivably reach Spain through narrow mountain paths, the control exercised by the *gardes mobiles* along the roads is extremely strict; perhaps all the more so as they have no liking for Spain, which they, somehow, identify with the Anarchists who tried to invade Andorra.

The second great problem is that of refugees. On some days the French authorities in Andorra have to deal with as many as 150. At first these were mostly well-to-do Catalans, as well as priests and nuns; nearly all these people asked to be sent to France. In the last month, especially since the recruits of the 1934 and 1935 classes were called to the colours, the flow of refugees from Catalonia has greatly increased, despite the much stricter frontier control on the Spanish side, where the guards do not hesitate to shoot down deserters; these include people of every class—many young peasants, and even some workmen. All refugees are assembled at St. Julia, the Andorran frontier town, where they are vaccinated and asked "where they want to go." Some want to go to France (where they are sent to camps at Montauban and elsewhere), a few want to stay in Andorra (a permission which is rarely granted), but the greater part of them ask to be sent to Franco. This phenomenon is attributed by the French authorities to the clandestine, but very active propaganda carried on in Catalonia by Franco's agents.

Some "criminal" Anarchist refugees at the time of the recent Barcelona troubles seem to have been handled rather roughly. The *gardes mobiles* took them across the mountains to a place near the frontier, and, without actually handing them over to the Spanish authorities, they told them: *debrouille-toi*.

The general impression one has is that if, by the force of circumstances, the French Government has been obliged, through its "Viceroy," Colonel Baulard, to take charge of Andorra, a task which the Colonel is carrying out with commendable energy and sympathy—he was recently elected Honorary Citizen of Andorra—the relations between the French authorities and the Catalans are none too cordial. All along the Franco-Spanish border—and not in Andorra only—I met numerous Frenchmen who, obsessed with local problems, could not see the wood for the trees, and were blind to the bigger issues of the Spanish war. The *gardes mobiles* in Andorra are instructed to watch aeroplanes flying over the Pyrenees; but what concerns them above all is the danger that the power station at Las Escaldas may be bombed. For this would deprive "not merely" Barcelona, but also Andorra of its electric light.

ALEXANDER WERTH

A LONDON DIARY

THE best piece of reporting that I have read recently is George Steer's article on *Guernica* in the August issue of the *London Mercury*. It conveys without any emotional flourishes something of the quality of fear and misery which is produced by a systematic air-raid on an undefended town. I thought of it as I watched the interlacing searchlights over the Essex countryside on Monday night. The villagers, I find, now take not the slightest notice of the aeroplanes constantly over them. This, you may say, is due to lack of imagination. Perhaps. But, in truth, we are all so helpless about the air that for most of us there is no choice between fatalism and madness. The mass of men and women will go on not imagining until the bombs actually fall on them. What else is there to do? You can learn to fly yourself, find satisfaction in looking for a political remedy, in working, for instance, for an international society and an air police force—the only possible remedy in the long run—or even in constructing rather better methods of precaution against air-raids. In any case, the development of the air must mean a change in the whole mental outlook of the race—a change perhaps bigger than any since the discovery of fire. It is quite incompatible with the type of political organisation the world knows to-day, incompatible with all those standards of time and space on which our present civilisation is unconsciously built. If man had advanced politically and morally as he has scientifically, I suppose a transition of this nature could take place without world cataclysm. As it is, H. G. Wells' *Shape of Things to Come* looks every day like being a generally accurate forecast.

* * *

Fatalists or no, we are all bound to be affected by the organisation of "air-raid precautions." What is our attitude to be? I believe the extreme pacifists make a mistake in opposing them altogether on the ground that they are part of the war machine and, as presented to-day, usually fraudulent. These are dangers to be avoided, not reasons for suggesting—a position that no one could maintain if an air-raid were in progress—that we ought not to make use of such precautions as we can. I would suggest that our business is first to expose the illusory nature of many of the present precautions, asking that a far larger part of the money now spent on menacing weapons for use against other populations be spent on food storage, on the most up-to-date possible shelters for

the whole population and on research upon defence rather than offence. At the same time we should see to it that the "air-wardens" and other people organising safety precautions should not be, as they often are now, elderly colonels and dug-out majors, but active democratic people in touch with the local population. We ought to insist that (*a*) precautions should be run by popularly approved and efficient people, not too old and not doing it because they once commanded and like running about with a whistle again, and (*b*) that the precautions are not a source of private profit.

* * *

With these principles in mind I read with great interest the *News Chronicle* enquiries into a very odd organisation called the Air Raid Precaution Association which sends out alarming leaflets about bombs and wishes you to send 2*s.* 6*d.* for lectures (not yet announced), and expert advice (experts not named) about how to make your house gas-proof. No names given, not even a Secretary, President or Peer to make the thing sound better. The *News Chronicle* reporter had a jolly time tracking down a gentleman who apparently turns up every now and again at the address where the half-crowns are sent. And now I want to know about a lot of other people who offer their services for our security. A number of private firms are distributing literature offering to make your home poison-gas proof. To begin with, they mislead because they suggest to the ignorant that you are safe if you have a gas-proof room. In this they only imitate the tactics of the official Government publications which slur over the use of thermite and other incendiary bombs—against which, as far as I can gather, there is as yet no protection of any sort—and which do not tell us what to do when we have to come out of our sealed-up rooms into a world of "contaminated" concrete (once concrete is soaked with mustard gas the official instructions say that it may have to be dug up with a pickaxe!). Obviously, the temptation to exploit our fears is considerable. No "private enterprise" should be allowed in such a matter. The pamphlet that drives me to most anger is a prettily covered affair with a picture of a baby playing with a doll, mother knitting, and father and son playing cards inside a "safety-first" shelter, while outside gas-masked figures dash about in the death fumes. I must remember to get a stock of playing cards in. It's a good hint of what to do, while people without private shelters crush each other to death in the underground and burn and cough their lungs out in the streets.

* * *

Miss Horniman's life should remind the rich people of taste—and there are more of these in our country than is usually imagined—that far more fun, as well as honour, can be had by investing in intelligence and assisting its public manifestations than by dully hoarding *objets d'art* in behind the well-timbered gardens of an elegant country house. To have launched G.B.S., the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and the Manchester repertory, which was to evoke a new type of dramatist and a new type of play, meant an amusing as well as an illustrous career. Dublin forgot to honour her. Manchester University gave her an academic award. Great Britain appointed her a Companion of Honour, and the representative societies of authors and actors should now send their affectionate laurels. Her shrewdness was to see the lamentable gap between the world of the theatre and the world of letters at the end of last century. She bridged that gap both in Ireland and England, and made her theatres a platform which anybody might be proud to use. She thus met (and made) much of the young talent of her time and she conferred on Dublin and Manchester reputations for theatrical taste and intelligence which both cities have triumphantly managed to dissipate since then. She was no inarticulate patron, but chose her plays and her people for herself. It was a full life, with its storms and successes, and an example to wealthy quietists who can do nothing with their gold but sit on it.

How odd this correspondence in the *Times* is about the need for greater supervision at Oxford and Cambridge! A moment's thought would surely show the writers that the distinctive feature of education in these institutions is the extraordinary amount of supervision actually exercised. In comparison with Continental universities the system is positively insulting to the sons of our upper classes. Imagine a French student living where he is told to live and in a building which is shut at a fixed time at night, and being punished if he sits up talking in a café after midnight! When you begin to analyse it you find that one of the steadiest objectives of our educational system is to retard as long as possible the adult development of the sons of our upper classes. There is a great deal to be said for this system, as well as much against it. But the cry for more supervision is really surprising.

* * *

"There's the enemy again," said Mr. Park, the gardener, who was showing me how to make a concrete dam with a sluice in it across the end of the pool. Sure enough, there, once again, in spite of what I'd said about wire to Mr. Tomkins (who keeps fowls as well as selling beer in the pub.), was a silly white hen scratching in what I hope next year will be a flower garden. "If you've told Tomkins about the hens a-coming in and you've given him full warning," said Mr. Park, "and then they still keep a-coming, you've got the right to shoot them on your land. Mind, you've not got the right to pick them up and eat them afterwards. You've no claim to his fowl, but you have the right to kill it; that I do know, because of what Board, the builder, told me. He let his pig go into Sullivan's flower nursery and Sullivan told him about it, but Board didn't take him serious and next day Sullivan comes and tells him that he's shot his pig. And he had. The pig was worth £3 10*s.* to Board and he wouldn't believe it when the lawyer he went to see said he had no remedy at law, so he went to three lawyers and they all said the same, that as long as Sullivan had just shot the pig and not moved it, Board could do nothing about it." Pondering this story and asking myself how long the pig had lain where it was shot and who had moved it in the end, I called on Tomkins and hinted that his white hen was in danger. "No," he said, "you daren't touch my hen. That will cost you 5*s.* a time if you do, after I've fenced. I know the law about that because when Ditch, the farmer, let his cow stray into my garden I told him about it and he put some wire across, but that didn't stop it. So I told him again and he said: 'Well, Tomkins, I've done my fence: now it's your turn; it's the law, that you've got to fence your side now. And I had to.'" Clearly, I'll have to find a lawyer of my own. So I just had a pint and didn't tell Tomkins that I am plucking up courage to slaughter his white fowl next time—even if it costs me 5*s.*

* * *

Wednesday's evening paper placards said: "Barbara Hutton in Lagoon Drama." It was only when I read the paper itself that I realised that Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow was reported—as it turned out, quite erroneously—to have fallen into a lagoon. The question, important for the student of the new poster language, is whether this poster should be read, as I supposed, "Barbara Hutton (involved) in (a) Drama (connected with a) Lagoon," or whether, as a Fleet Street friend insists, it means "Barbara-Hutton-in-Lagoon Drama."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to R. O. Battcock.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Quite unique kittens, born during Coronation procession.—Advt. in *Exchange and Mart.*

August is not, in itself, the most attractive of the months (personally, I should vote for May), but isn't it forced upon us as the holiday period from the fact that grouse may be shot on the 12th ?—Letter in *Observer*.

For two hours the committee of a golf club in south-east England debated whether women players might be allowed to wear trousers on the links. Their decision was : "Trousers may be worn by women golfers on the course, but must be taken off on entering the clubhouse."—*Daily Mirror*.

I cannot imagine a clean-minded Englishman taking it calmly, when his bride-to-be confesses to him that she formerly belonged to a nudist colony.—Letter in the *Daily Mirror*.

Is not Bloody Point House a disgraceful and indecent name to give to a house, especially a house where Royalty is staying ?—Letter in *Sunday Referee*.

"POLICE" COURTS

A DEPARTMENTAL Committee, which reported last year, referred to "the inappropriate title 'Police Courts,'" in connection with the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction, and suggested they should be called "Summary Courts." Unfortunately the name commonly used is an extremely apt one, and the tendency for the police to usurp powers which should be exercised by the magistrates is increasing, as anyone with experience of these courts can testify. The Royal Commission on Police Powers and Procedure, on page 6 of their Report published in 1929, pointed out that "a Policeman possesses few powers not enjoyed by the ordinary citizen, and public opinion, expressed in Parliament and elsewhere, has shown great jealousy of any attempts to give increased authority to the Police." It is true that a great part of the authority which the police habitually exercise is not given to them by law, but is merely assumed. But we have seen in other countries the dangers which arise when the assumption by executive officers of illegal powers is not checked at the outset.

Unpaid magistrates, unfortunately, have for a long time supposed it to be their duty to "support the police." Quite often this view is openly expressed in court. The great majority of magistrates would admit without hesitation that they consider it to be their proper attitude. The day before this was written I was told by a reporter that he had that morning attended a certain court where a motorist was charged with having inefficient brakes. He attributed their inefficiency to the accident in which he had been involved. A police constable, who was allowed to give evidence as an expert, said that in his opinion the brakes were inefficient before the accident. A motor engineer, employed at a garage, gave evidence for the defence to the effect that he had overhauled the car and put the brakes in order before the accident, and that their being out of order was due to the collision in which the car had been concerned. As to the merits of the case the reporter gave no opinion, but being close to the Bench he heard the Chairman say, "I suppose it will have to be dismissed on payment of costs." Another magistrate, however, intervened, saying, "Won't that involve a reflection on the police ?" And after a whispered and inaudible conference the motorist was convicted and fined twenty shillings.

Any layman who attends the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction can see for himself the extent to which the police take command in the great majority of courts. Often they decide who is, or is not, to be admitted. Constantly a superior officer of police may be heard ordering witnesses out of court, without any instructions from the Bench to do so. Once, it is true, I heard an inspector sternly rebuked by the Chairman of a Bench for ordering witnesses out of court without being told to do so by the magistrates. His pained astonishment was amusing to see. Witnesses, when in the box, are often told by a police officer to stand up, take their hands out of their pockets, or the like. A chief constable or superintendens, when conducting a prosecution, will often remind a witness for the defence of the penalties of perjury. I have heard this happen very many times, and I have known inquiries made with a view to proceedings for perjury. In 1932 there was a case in which, after a man had been committed for trial but before the hearing at assizes, the prosecution took out summonses for perjury against two witnesses who had given evidence for the defence before the magistrates. Incredible as this may sound, it will be found reported in *The Justice of the Peace* for April 9th, 1932, at page 230.

A recent case at Bolton, however, seems to show that the attitude of the police towards the defence is becoming even worse. It is notorious that a plea of guilty is often made in the well-founded hope that it may bring about a lighter sentence. But if there are many police forces which adopt the attitude of a certain inspector at Bolton a plea of guilty may become necessary because of the impossibility of getting witnesses to come forward for the defence. The facts, according to press reports, were that a motorist was being prosecuted by the police before the magistrates. It appeared that a witness for the defence had come forward voluntarily because in his opinion the defendant was not at fault. A police inspector, conducting the prosecution, is reported to have asked this witness :

"Was it any concern of yours whether the defendant had been 'booked' or otherwise ?"

To which the witness replied :

"Not exactly, but I thought it was unfair, and I offered to give evidence voluntarily. I didn't think he had done anything wrong."

The Inspector then said :

"Then why interest yourself in it ?"

As the Lord Chief Justice said when he heard of the summonses for perjury before referred to, "It is difficult to find suitable words in which to characterise such a proceeding." The trouble is that such an instance is typical of the attitude of a large section of the police, not only towards those who attempt to defend themselves before the magistrates, but towards those who help them to do so.

Incidents of this kind seldom become generally known. One reason why they do not obtain publicity was shown by a case heard at a police court near London a short time ago. The Chairman, in open court during the hearing of a charge against a motorist, asked questions of a police officer which might be considered to imply some criticism of the police. One of the questions was to a constable during the hearing of a charge of exceeding the speed limit. It was as follows :

"Surely you do not time a motorist when he is going down a hill ? On this particular hill there is forest land on either side."

After putting other questions the Chairman told the only reporter present that he did not want his remarks reported. The representative of the press very properly pointed out that the remarks were an essential part of the case and it was his duty to report them. Whereupon the Chairman said :

"If you are going to report my remarks you will have to get out."

The reporter replied :

"It is my duty to report the cases, sir, and I have a perfect legal right."

Whereupon a police inspector intervened on behalf of the Chairman, and after saying that it was extremely discourteous to refuse the Chairman's request, made the amazing statement that, "The matter of contempt of court enters into it."

The Chairman then said :

"If you don't get out, I will not sit on the Bench. If I tell you, you have to get out."

In the end the reporter, after repeated demands by the Chairman and a strong protest on his own part, left the court.

The details given are quoted from the *News Chronicle* of

June 12th, 1937. They illustrate the difficulty of making known what goes on in the magistrates' courts. The inducement to editors of local papers to suppress any reference to incidents the mention of which might offend persons of local importance is sufficiently great already. In addition there is the natural desire of reporters to keep on good terms with the police, from whom they often obtain information of great news value. If to these is to be added direct, and quite illegal, orders from the Bench, supported by intervention on the part of the police, it will become almost impossible to bring public opinion to bear on the administration of justice in the " Police " Courts.

The first step to reform, the appointment of whole-time magistrates' clerks, has been promised and is long overdue. Under the present system the clerks are often in unduly close touch with the police, and in many cases prosecute for the police in each other's courts. The lay magistrate, if the right man were appointed, would be one of the greatest bulwarks of liberty in England. There is danger that the lay magistracy may be abolished because of general ignorance as to the nature of the evils which exist in the " Police " Courts.

SOLICITOR

NAILS

I DO not remember ever reading or hearing a whole-hearted defence of the feminine custom of painting the finger-nails. There is something to be said for nearly all the follies of fashion, but apparently there is nothing to be said for this. Even the women who paint their finger-nails can give no reason for doing so, except that other women paint theirs. They are for the most part slaves of the vogue, who would obediently wear nose-rings if nose-rings came into fashion. Most people agree that painted finger-nails make a beautiful hand less beautiful and an ugly hand uglier. Why, then, have women—the braver sex—permitted so disfiguring a custom to be revived?

For it cannot be defended as the use of paint and powder can be defended. Paint and powder are, after all, the natural products of a democratic age. They are the great levellers, making (if skilfully applied) for an equality of prettiness. Not all the powder and lipstick in the world, of course, can bring about an absolute equality among faces, but there is no doubt that in an artificial light the beautiful woman has less advantage over her more ordinary sisters in an age of cosmetics than in an age of simplicity. I have often wondered at the supreme unselfishness of beautiful women in submitting to a fashion that benefits everybody except themselves. Self-sacrifice, however, is a more widespread instinct than is commonly believed.

Whereas paint and powder make for an equality of prettiness, however, painted finger-nails make, as I have suggested, only for an equality of ugliness. It is much as though it became the fashion among women to apply an artificial wasp-sting to their noses in order to make them swell, or as though with the help of instruments they gave themselves cauliflower ears. Among savage tribes personal disfigurement is common enough as an aid to attractiveness, and it may be that the custom of painting the finger-nails is merely, like jazz and some modern sculpture, a symptom of the return to savagery which has become so popular among civilised peoples. One writer, I notice, has recently given a more utilitarian explanation of it. He declares that the custom originated in America among white women who had a dash of Negro blood in their veins. However white such women may be, it appears, the black ancestor—or ancestress—always comes out in the finger-nails. Hence, all the white women with a black drop in their veins set about discolouring their finger-nails so as to make their great-great-grandmothers invisible.

If this were the real explanation of painted finger-nails, there would obviously be something to be said for them. Like powder and paint, they could be defended on democratic grounds. They could be commended, in spite of their ugliness, as aids to racial equality. Nothing could be of greater service to mankind than the equalisation of men of all races and all colours. If this is a desirable thing, however, I do not see why we should stop at painted finger-nails. The League of Nations should consider the advisability of appointing a committee to inquire into the possibility of devising a universal face which could be worn by men and women of all races from China to Peru. Whether the universal face was white, black or yellow would not matter. Probably, in order to satisfy Germany, it would have to be a Nordic pink. It may be argued that it would be impossible to discolour black and brown and yellow men in order to make them look pink, but I have a high opinion of the inventive genius of modern man and of the skill of beauty-doctors in making human beings look utterly unlike themselves. After all, there are already preparations which enable you to tan your skin to a healthy brown without going to the seaside. It ought to be equally easy to acquire a yellow or black complexion if desired. This, in fact, is quite commonly done in the theatres. Even if we all had faces of the same colour, however, there would still remain the problem of assimilating the features of the various races. This might not be easy, but I do not think it would be impossible. There is already in existence an instrument which, if you wear it in bed, will change the shape of your nose and enable you to look like Socrates or Julius Caesar, or whom you please. Much, too, can be done by face-lifting. I cannot believe that the universal face is only a dream.

Nor can I believe that the custom of painting the finger-nails originated in a desire for racial equality. As a learned writer pointed out, it existed long before the discovery of America, and I feel sure that it was first resorted to simply as one means of beguiling the tedium of life in the harem. So that there is nothing whatever to be said for it in a free country where women have all sorts of things to interest them, from fox-hunting to politics.

There is only one serious argument that I have seen, indeed, in favour of painting the finger-nails, and it comes from the editor of a trade paper. He points out, very aptly, that the custom " contributes to the prosperity of the ever-growing cosmetic industry." That certainly should make every woman with painted finger-nails feel that she is doing her bit in helping on the trade revival which is the aim of all good citizens. A writer has asked whether, if the painting of their finger-nails by women has contributed to the prosperity of the cosmetic industry, the industry would not be raised to still greater heights of prosperity were men to follow the same fashion. The answer is that it would. The day on which Mr. Attlee rises in the House of Commons and points an accusing red finger-nail at Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Chamberlain replies by pointing a damning red finger-nail at Mr. Attlee, will be a day on which shares in the cosmetic industry will go up with a jump. How vividly the red finger-nails of the clergy will gleam as they wave them warningly from the pulpit! How pleasant it will be to have the dishes served in the restaurants by waiters with blood-stained finger-ends! How it will bring colour into the life of the weary patient to have his pulse felt by a red-nailed doctor! You may not like the prospect, but at least you must admit that it will be good for trade.

I wish all trades would make it clear in their publicity, as the cosmetic editor has done, that in supporting them we are really assisting in the great prosperity drive. Most trades, unfortunately, appeal merely to our selfish instincts by telling us that their wares will do us good. Thus we are advised to eat more fruit, not because this will contribute to the prosperity of the fruit industry, but because it will be beneficial to our health. Similarly, the millers and bakers advise us to eat more bread because bread is strength and forget to say a single word about the effect of our bread-eating on the prosperity of millers and bakers. We are also asked to drink beer, stout and whisky for purely egotistic reasons, though most of us would undoubtedly drink with enhanced enjoyment if we felt that, every time we raised a glass to our lips, we were helping to

prop up a great national industry. As for the patent-medicine people, they, too, ostentatiously refrain from pointing out that if we consume their goods we are helping to solve the unemployment problem and enabling a number of worthy citizens to buy old country houses and so assist in the revival of English rural life.

We hear a great deal about "truth in advertising," and I for one believe that advertisers are the most truthful men in the world according to their lights. But I sometimes doubt their wisdom. I think that, by their continual appeals to our self-love and self-interest, they are exploiting only half our nature. Let them for a change direct their appeals to our nobler instincts. Let the tobacco manufacturer, for example, instead of merely offering us a cigarette that will not injure our throats, point out to us the patent fact that, the more we smoke, the more the tobacco industry will flourish. Let him issue a warning to those who contemplate giving up smoking that, if everybody gave up smoking, the tobacco industry would perish and the unemployment figures would be seriously increased. If I were a tobacco manufacturer, I should be greatly tempted to inaugurate and advertise a Right-Left-and-Centre Cigarette Club in which every member would be pledged, with a view to assisting trade prosperity, to do his best to convert at least one non-smoker a month into a smoker. I would turn cigarette-smoking into a national duty, and appeal to schoolmasters to raise the quite unreasonable ban on it in schools. "Every schoolboy and schoolgirl a smoker"—what a slogan! How the industry would hum!

It may be doubted by some people whether such appeals to our higher nature would be effective; but I know from my own experience that they are. I have often thought of giving up the habit of taking taxis, and always, when I have been on the point of deciding to do so, I have asked myself what would happen to all these unfortunate taxi-drivers if everybody began to boycott them. To this question there is only one answer, and it is an answer most unsettling to any lover of his kind. It is no light matter to be responsible for the ruin of an industry. It is certainly a responsibility that I cannot shoulder. That is one reason why, though I cannot afford them, I still keep taking taxis.

For comparable reasons, perhaps, women will go on painting their finger-nails. It may be ugly, but at least it contributes to the prosperity of the cosmetic industry. The editor of the trade paper has, I am sure, made the right appeal. Y. Y.

DOCUMENTARY FILMS

Now that the White Paper on the Film Industry has been published, it may be appropriate to outline the nature and the scope and the difficulties of the documentary film movement. Ever since the financiers discovered in feature films the touchstone called box-office appeal, it was clear that sooner or later there would be somebody brave enough to attempt to make of the cinema a serious means of expression. Here was a medium unencumbered by the grammar and syntax of prose which could place ideas in rapid succession more intelligibly than poetry. It possessed the unique faculty of being able to record permanently instantaneous events which could never be repeated. Best of all, it carried conviction. It is a long time now since the phrase "seeing is believing" became proverbial.

The documentary film is part of a wider movement which aims at persuading the public towards better citizenship. The art of public persuasion is the use of propaganda, and propaganda is at least as old as the Funeral Speech of Pericles. It is a significant fact that the British documentary film originated in a Public Relations Department of the British Government. Nor is it accidental that it has developed into an influential movement of national importance on a sponsored rather than a speculative basis.

In 1929 the outlook for any young man who had visions of using the cinema for a serious or an aesthetic purpose was almost hopeless. The studios were factories producing with the minimum exertion of intelligence wares cut after the Hollywood pattern. A successful film was regarded not as a stepping-stone to greater achievement but as a formula suitable for profitable repetition. There was only one variation, one grudging concession to realism. Industrial concerns had become aware of the advertising value of films displaying their factories and products. It is true that they were generally seduced into ordering these films from one or other of the less reputable film companies and paying for them, as they would pay for any other raw material, at so much per foot. But here, at least, was the germ of an idea.

Through the far-sightedness of Sir Stephen Tallents, John Grierson, who had recently returned from America with a wide knowledge of matters relevant to public relations, gained the support of the Empire Marketing Board, and made of the idea reality. Backed by the Board, he made the two-reeler *Drifters*, a film which achieved the real innovation of taking a subject from life and dramatising it, without fictional interest, without professional actors, and without studio equipment. *Drifters* achieved two things: it demonstrated the possibilities of a new style, and it was a success in the theatres.

Grierson then made the one move that was necessary in order to consolidate the position he had gained. Instead of continuing to make pictures himself, perhaps two a year, he turned producer and controlled the making of pictures by half-a-dozen directors at once. In four years the E.M.B. Film Unit compiled a comprehensive library of original films and of re-edited material. *The Voice of the World*, *Shadow on the Mountain* and *Aero-Engine* came from Elton; *O'er Hill and Dale*, *The Country Comes to Town*, *Cargo from Jamaica* and *Windmill in Barbados* from Wright; *New Generation* from Legg; and *Lancashire at Work and Play* from Taylor. The directors of these and similar films could not hope to cover more than a fraction of the field open to this new style, whose essential characteristic of faithful and imaginative reporting became known as documentary. But again two things had been achieved: certain aspects of British life had been sincerely portrayed on the screen, and at the same time there had been evolved a genuinely co-operative method of film-production.

In 1933 the Empire Marketing Board was dissolved by the Government on the grounds of economy. Fortunately for "documentary," the G.P.O. had the wisdom to take over the Film Unit entire. Grierson was thus enabled to continue production, but in this same year the movement began to grow in other directions. Industrial firms at last realised that indirect advertisement could be at least as compelling as the blatant variety; that good films were capable of combining entertainment with information. Shell-Mex and Imperial Airways sponsored the making of *Contact* by Rotha, and hard on their heels came railways, shipping, gas, electricity, newspapers and marketing organisations. The newly formed G.B. Instructional firm, a by-product of the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, entered on a five-year programme of documentary and educational films, which were intended to be sponsored up to half their cost. In this way Rotha made *Shipyard* and *Rising Tide*. *The Face of Britain* was wholly backed by G.B.I. There were difficulties of distribution, due to the prevailing fallacy that short films could only serve to fill up space, but nevertheless these documentaries were widely shown.

The makers of documentary had now been set a new task, the finding of concerns with the money and the will to sponsor pictures. In 1936 the Strand Film Company, the first commercial firm to enter production on this basis, was formed. Their early films were two for the Ministry of Labour, and *Cover to Cover* and *Chapter and Verse* for the National Book Council. In the same year all the leading makers of documentary, irrespective of the firms and units for which they were working, formed themselves into a group called Associated Realist Film Producers, which was to act as an advisory body and to be, in addition, a united front for the whole movement. More recently Basil Wright has formed the Realist Film Unit, and Anstey has become Assistant Manager to the

English *March of Time*. In addition, documentary has now its own paper, *World Film News*, which is attempting to reconcile even the studios with the idea of creative film.

This year there will be an output of some sixty documentary pictures by a production personnel numbering forty or fifty. The movement has been built up within the strictest financial limits. The short film still cannot hope to extract more than a small part of its cost from the receipts of distribution. Much could be done to help the British documentary film. The old Cinematograph Films Act, framed before documentary had made itself heard, usually prevented it from obtaining quota. These films are moderately widely distributed and poorly paid for. The Moyne Report showed how they could be put in a position to demand both the distribution and the revenue they deserve. The White Paper follows the report in providing a separate quota for short films, but omits any sort of quality test to obstruct the fortune-hunter at a loose end who may find it profitable to shoot a few feet of trees and clouds and sunsets and string them together to the length of a film. Moreover the high cost test to be imposed on long pictures will cripple any attempt by documentary to grow up into feature-length films. Documentary will survive whether the new Act is framed in its favour or not: the point is that to-day its claims have a right to be heard.

Certainly the technique is no longer in its infancy. The early films were romantic, in the style of *Industrial Britain*. The success of the *Song of Ceylon* at the Brussels Film Festival in 1935 showed the value of the impersonal approach. *Housing Problems* and *Workers and Jobs* probed more deeply into the social life of the nation. *The Saving of Bill Blewitt* and *To-day We Live* used natural actors drawn from country villages and the unemployed areas of South Wales. Each film is an experiment which acts as a basis for more ambitious conceptions. The possibilities are limitless. Social and economic and cultural problems, the problems of citizenship, are necessarily distant to people reading books and newspapers in their armchairs. Most men and women are too busy to have the leisure for much besides recreation. But the makers of films can bring these problems to one of the places where in England alone over a thousand million seats a year are filled by seekers after recreation. The film can report, and make people believe what it reports. And when people have believed, if they are human—and it is to be supposed that they are—they will act. DONALD ALEXANDER

Correspondence

YOUTH TRIALS IN GERMANY

SIR,—Some seven weeks ago you were kind enough to publish an account of the trial of the eleven leaders of the Buendische Jugend at Essen, and of the success of our representative, Gabriel Carritt, in getting into the trial and making a protest on behalf of the Youth of Great Britain. Of the eleven accused, one died during the trial; the others were sentenced to periods of imprisonment ranging from two to twelve years; but of these, all but two have now been released.

Similar trials are still going on. We know of two, one concerning thirty-three young people in Northern Bavaria, and one involving fifty in the Rhineland. We know the names of three of the accused in the first of these, but we have no more specific information.

If anything is to be done to help these accused Youth leaders, we must send investigators at once to find out the full details of the place, the nature of the charges and the names of the accused. This could be done, but we lack the funds to carry it out. Fifty pounds would cover the cost of this particular enquiry, which should be made immediately. May I beg your readers to help us?

British Youth Peace Assembly, VINCENT DUNCAN JONES,
15A Grosvenor Crescent, Chairman
London, S.W.1.

NAZI JUSTICE

SIR,—We have recently returned from Berlin after an unsuccessful attempt to see Mrs. Olga Prestes and Mrs. Elise Ewert, who are held in prison by the Nazi Government.

After the suppression of the Nationalist movement in Brazil in 1935, when their husbands, Carlos Prestes, the famous Socialist leader, and Arthur Ewert, were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, these two women were held in prison in Rio de Janeiro under conditions of exceptional brutality. Last year they were deported to Germany by the Brazilian authorities, in spite of the fact that they were offered asylum by the United States, France and Mexico. This forcible deportation was therefore contrary to international law. On arrival in Germany they were immediately imprisoned and have been in custody ever since. Olga Prestes was pregnant when she was deported and the baby is now eight months old.

Two previous delegations have been to Germany to try and see the women, about whose health disquieting reports have been received, but without result. We have been no more successful. Permission to see the prisoners and examine them medically was refused, the refusal extending to the mother of Carlos Prestes, who accompanied us, and who made a strong plea to be allowed to see her grandchild.

We were also refused any information as to the future of the two women and child. No charge has been preferred against them, and as neither of them has been in Germany since the establishment of the Nazi regime, it is difficult to see how any charge can be brought. The position is therefore that they are being held without trial and without any possibility of legal defence.

A letter recently received from Olga Prestes suggests that the baby may shortly be taken from her and in this case there is every reason to fear that it will be disposed of without reference to her wishes. We feel, therefore, that it is important to give immediate publicity to the facts of the case so that every effort may be made to prevent this and to secure the release of the two women.

KATHLEEN KIMBER
MAY MILES, M.B., Ch.B.

HORTICULTURAL WAGES

SIR,—When agricultural wages are being considered why is it that nothing is done about horticultural wages? As their Publicity Committee tells us, horticultural employers (including bulb-growers and nurserymen) are making big profits and the industry is vastly increasing. Yet their workers are being paid under the farm-labourer's scale of wages by the Agricultural Wages Board and its District Committees.

Why? Traders who can ask (and get) sometimes as much as £50 for a single "novelty" can surely afford a decent wage. Nursery prices are high (see the catalogues). Ought there not to be two separate scales of wages laid down by law—one for the farmer and one for such prosperous folk as orchid-growers, bulb-growers and nurserymen generally? It is surely preposterous that really skilled horticultural workers should be legally entitled to be paid at the lowest rates of unskilled farm-labour. Nurserymen near the big towns are compelled by competition to pay more, but many of them in rural districts will not pay a penny more.

Nurserymen enjoy many privileges—thanks to their admirable employers' associations. The tariffs on nursery-stock are extremely heavy, protecting the British nurseryman from continental and especially Dutch competition. All nursery-grounds are derated (Again: Why?) Their prices, which used to be low, are now high. They can afford expensive exhibits at Chelsea and other shows and their advertising campaigns by their Plants, Trees and Shrubs Publicity Committee show the trade's prosperity. Coronation year has swelled their profits immensely. I suggest it is time their labour was adequately paid.

Here is a field for inquiry by Trade Unions and the Labour Party generally. C. LAWRENCE

London, S.W.1.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE

SIR,—While agreeing with your note last week about the National Theatre, may I crave the indulgence of your columns to ask one question? It has been officially announced that the site in Cromwell Gardens was not required for any other public purpose. But in fact it was already earmarked in the nineteenth century as the one obvious place for the future expansion of the

Victoria and Albert Museum. The need for such expansion is evident. There ought, for instance, to be a section of the Museum devoted to the development of the applied arts in England, including both modern industrial art and furnished rooms like those in the Bavarian National Museum at Munich. In these circumstances the public has the right to know whether the Board of Education, which is responsible for the Museum, did in fact disclaim all desire for this site, and, if so, what reasons they had for so surprising a decision. JAMES WILSON

A PEOPLE'S MILITIA

SIR,—The comfortable dogma of the public schools that only their products are fitted to give orders to others still obtains in regard to the Armed Forces, not only among those with a vested interest in its continued application, but in quarters where one would expect more enlightenment. It is all the more obsolete now that informed military opinion is tending to abandon the mass-formations of 1914–18 for smaller armies of highly mechanised technicians. The kind of armed force to solve the recruitment problem, which apparently wears out successive Secretaries of State for War, is clearly a citizen force where not merely is promotion by merit, but where no social gap is permitted to exist between the commanders and the commanded.

This is not an appeal to the Labour leaders to cry out for the democratisation of the Regular Army, a reform which would be held up indefinitely in Whitehall, but for the creation of a new Militia at first behind, but later to supplant, the Territorial Army, whose deficiency of recruits is most marked. The features of this new force would be (1) the opening of all ranks to working-class recruits; (2) the promotion to higher ranks only from the lower into which all recruits would pass; (3) the active approval of the T.U.C., which ought to follow from the real establishment of the first two principles, and which would be a condition precedent to its functions. Many less important differences between this and older forces might be possible. Organisation partly on a vocational basis would supplant the now decayed semi-feudal county and local organisation of the Territorials. Some element of election might play a part in promotion, the precedent for this (as for the whole movement) being the National Guard of Paris, which acted as a defence force in the Franco-Prussian War without losing its character as a representative of the people.

Two separate classes of objections present themselves. The possibility of obtaining the necessary working-class support both from individuals and from the T.U.C. is difficult to estimate. Unless the full pacifist position is adopted (and it is not to deny its logical strength to point out that "it demands a higher collective morale than any army has attained") men must be prepared to fight for their views, if their opponents are prepared to do so. The primary application is to the ever-increasing threat from the dictatorships, and if the Fascists ever obtained substantial support in this country, there might well be an application nearer home. The recruitment figures, I suggest, point to no unwillingness to serve, but to a distrust of the policy (both internal and external) for which the Armed Forces are required, a distrust which their social basis largely justifies, and which removal of that social basis would do much to dissipate. A truly democratic force cannot, and knows that it cannot, be used to support reaction.

The other cases of objections are on the score of efficiency. But in the first place, for Continental purposes, the state of the British Army is never more than an index of the war effort that can be expected. Secondly, the principle of promotion from the ranks has been admitted in both the Army and the R.N. Briefly, there is no reason why the Territorial standard of efficiency should not be easily attained in a people's Militia. C. P.

SPANISH CASUALTIES

SIR,—Recently Mr. Brailsford stated in your columns that 900 had been killed in the Barcelona rising of May. Now Louis Fischer puts the number at 1,400. The first of these gentlemen intimates that his data are based on authoritative information. Recently a very high personage in the Catalan Government told me the number was more than 1,000. After more than six years of reporting in Spain I have come to disregard at the outset all so-called "good" or "high" or "excellent" authority and get my facts by observation or comparing notes with other trained observers who make no pretensions to being "authorities." I was through the Barcelona affair from start to finish and investigated the aftermath. I would be surprised if the total dead reached 500.

Valencia. LAWRENCE A. FERNSWORTH

VOLUNTEER IN SPAIN

SIR,—Had Mr. Connolly, in his review of my book, *Volunteer in Spain*, come down on me for careless writing and left it at that, I would have remained dumb, agreeing with him. The book was written in a hurry, about things that had just been happening, and were going on happening. But Mr. Connolly understands that, and is very nice about the prose. Only—"And, as usual, there are mistakes." Not mistakes in the prose, not mistakes in the use of foreign languages (actually there were, every time) but mistakes about fact. Mr. Connolly enumerates these mistakes. He blames me for saying I saw Andalusian blondes on the Barcelona quayside; in fact, I was not so fortunate, and in the book I refer to these blondes as being seen in a street in Alicante. Next Mr. Connolly is upset because he thinks that I have written about chaps speaking Catalan in Andalusia. I can assure him that I have heard chaps talking Catalan in Andalusia, but the incident to which he refers in the book took place in an office in Paris. Neither of these are of any importance, but if I'm wrong about small facts I may be equally wrong about large ones.

And, while carping, I should like to ask, more in sorrow than in anger, why must sympathetic Liberal reviewers always say of Communist writers something like this: "He is a good Communist, and permits no criticism of the conduct of affairs." (Mr. Connolly says that about me, and it's fairly true, because the book is about things that happened rather than about how and why they happened.) On the other hand, if this miserable mythological "good Communist" comes out with some strong criticism about Soviet railways or Harry Pollitt's grammar, then he's either "disillusioned" or used to prove that communism is no good. Personally, as a *good* Communist I'm all in favour of criticism of how the Republican Government runs the war in Spain. So is the leadership of the Spanish C.P., who are pretty good Communists—much better ones than those poor muzzled party-line orthodoxists that Mr. Connolly and many others use to frighten themselves with, as an intellectual's substitute for bogys about red gold.

But I hope Mr. Connolly won't think I'm picking a personal bone with him. He wrote far too nice a review for me to want to do that. JOHN SOMMERFIELD

11 Fairfax Road,
Swiss Cottage, N.W.6.

ART AND SCIENCE

SIR,—In his review of *Circle*, which appeared in your number of July 31st, R.M. accused abstract or "constructivist" art of being anti-humanist and only suitable for the inhabitants of a totalitarian state. Hitler's recent "art purge" is a somewhat derisive comment on this accusation, but R.M. guards himself against being refuted by anything so crude as an appeal to the facts by suggesting that, although abstract art is really totalitarian in feeling, the totalitariat unfortunately do not realise it. One can only reply, then, in more general terms.

It is true, as R.M. points out, that the abstract art of *Circle* is an art of the machine age. But it is also true that we live in an age in which one of the most important intellectual pursuits is the exact thinking appropriate to mechanics and science. Surely any sign of mutual interest between the different branches of our culture should be greeted with sympathy. "A work of art," says R.M., "exists to transmit emotion"; but it is untrue to assert that intellectually defined shapes, such as those of geometry, are essentially devoid of emotional content and can therefore never be used as the subject matter of humanism. R.M. quotes Ruskin, "the circle is the ugliest of all curves" and seems to feel a preference for the succulent outlines of Matisse's odalisques; but it is doubtful if many mathematicians would agree with him. One of the mainsprings of abstract art is certainly akin to the emotional satisfaction which can be derived from a piece of exact reasoning, and it is not without significance that *Circle* contains an article by one of the most brilliant of the younger Fellows of the Royal Society.

The other main source from which abstract art has grown is also intimately related to the machine age. New technical resources have so enlarged the possibilities open to architects that they have been led to re-examine the nature of the needs which

their buildings are expected to satisfy. The somewhat intellectual approach which results from this, combined with the architect's interest in problems of pure form unmixed with elements of representation, allies him naturally with the abstract artist. He is similarly allied with the scientist, but there seem to be no grounds for R.M.'s remark that, although the better-known "functionalists" are not unaware of the problems of plastic design, their less intelligent disciples completely neglect this aspect of architecture; if this were true in any case, it is difficult to see how the architect in question could qualify as a disciple.

Both the sources from which abstract art has sprung place it naturally, not on the side of Fascism which attacks intellectual science and the standard of living, but on that of Socialism which is concerned to satisfy human needs as fully as possible and encourages science to this end. Of course, as soon as a movement has developed a typical style, that style, like any other technique, can be used for purposes which are not fundamentally related to it and may eventually lead to its perversion. Abstract art, in fact, has been put to the service of several different political creeds; for instance, in Tatlin's proposed monument to the Third International, Mendelssohn's Einsteinturm and the official futurist-abstract art of Italy. Paradoxically enough, Corbusier's farm, the one work which R.M. singles out of *Circle* for praise, is, in its acceptance of the desirability of individual peasant cultivation, perhaps the most Fascist thing in the book.

It is already quite a long time since there has been a unique tradition of visual art, and there will probably never be one again, except perhaps in a totalitarian state. Has art, like science, reached a stage of development in which it is impossible for one man to cover the whole of it? Certainly a critic who finds one of the widespread art-movements merely dull is unlikely to be able to write anything very interesting about it.

Christ's College, C. H. WADDINGTON.
Cambridge.

FOREIGNERS AND THE B.B.C.

SIR,—On the wall of the Palace of Radio at the Paris Exhibition there is a notice describing the constitution and functions of the B.B.C. In the course of this notice, it is emphatically pointed out that the B.B.C. is not a Government department, that it is quite independent of the Government and that the Corporation's governors are appointed by "His Majesty the King."

We are accustomed in this country to sycophancy and humbug in matters pertaining to the B.B.C., and can make due allowance for it. At the Paris Exhibition, however, this typical B.B.C. attitude is misleading to the visiting public, which may well suppose that the B.B.C. governors are composed of the King's personal friends. In fact, the unsophisticated might envisage the B.B.C. as a personal propaganda organ for the King, by which he could without difficulty undermine constitutional government and bamboozle his people. A. W. T.

SLICED TYRES.

SIR,—May I be permitted to comment upon Mr. R. E. Davidson's interesting article?

It is perhaps a little too much to say that "sliced" tyres have created a "buzz of activity in the design and research laboratories of many tyre companies." Well-conducted hives, of the commercial variety, buzz only when they are disturbed.

There are broadly two methods of "slicing" tyre treads. One is to cut the tyre after manufacture, and the other is to produce slots during the process of moulding. The manufactured slot must be in proper relationship to the other features of the tread pattern. The application of the cut is less precise.

The tyre manufacturer is required to provide silence in running, long life, resiliency, balance, and a number of other advantages additional to the road grip to which Mr. Davidson particularly refers. The tyre manufacturer must, moreover, accommodate the wide variations of road surfaces and weather conditions, and keep pace with the striking performance powers of the modern car. He builds his tyres with these, and other requirements, in mind, and the world's speed records and the infrequency of premature tyre failure upon this country's roads both indicate that the British technician is still predominant in an industry created by British invention.

The desirability of a tread pattern slotted during production is for the individual manufacturer to decide, but since his reputation is attached to the product, he will probably not be inclined to welcome any subsequent adjustment. If the tyre is well constructed it will retain its skid resistance properties until very well worn, and if at this stage a revival of grip efficiency is attempted by means of cutting, there is a risk that the already fatigued casing of the tyre will be damaged. The indiscriminate cutting of well-worn tyres, particularly by inexperienced operatives, has possibilities which are not attractive.

The stopping distance figures quoted by Mr. Davidson may be found in an advertisement appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, while brake test statistics compiled in this country are given in the *Autocar* for June 25th.

If Mr. Davidson would care to consult an established technician upon the relative coefficients of friction represented by the two sets of figures, he may, as the lawyers say, "hear something to his advantage."

The degree of resistance existing between rubber and glass is not uncommon knowledge, and will become the more important when our roads are constructed of glass.

Buckleberry, H. L. KENWARD
Lady Byron Lane, Knowle,
Warwickshire.

BLACK AND WHITE PROBLEM

SIR,—I don't agree with your correspondent, H. John Edwards, that it is enough, in your problem of the white and black men, for the second man merely to say "He says he is white"; he must also add, "And he is white," or words to that effect, before the first man can be proved white.

The first man *must* say "I am white" in either case: (*a*) if he is white and cannot tell a lie; or (*b*) if he is black and cannot tell the truth. But the second man's saying, "He says he is white" only proves himself (the second man) to be telling the truth, and therefore white. It does not imply that what the first man said was true, only true that he said it.

The cleverness of the problem lies in the fact that it all hinges upon what at first glance seems to be an unguessable datum, i.e. what the first man actually said, either one of two possibilities. But a moment's induction would show that the first man's statement can only have been definitely one, namely, "I am white"; it may have been the truth, or it may have been a lie, but it was the only thing he could have said. The rest follows logically.

19 Bedford Place, HUBERT LESLIE
Brighton.

Miscellany

THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

DOCTORS have lately been having rather a bad press. Evidently there are many people with grudges or grievances against the profession; otherwise popular newspapers would not be so ready to print attacks on its members, nor would writers of best-selling novels choose the ignorance and chicanery of doctors as subject-matter for their stories.

Within the last month have been published two notable books* written by doctors about their profession—one author a doctor turned novelist, the other still in active practice and recognised by his colleagues as a master. I am here concerned not so much with the literary merits of these books as with their content, that is with the pictures and ideals of medical practice that the authors put before us.

Let us look first at Dr. Cronin's picture. His self-conscious and, as it seems to me, self-righteous hero, when charged before the General Medical Council with "infamous conduct in a professional respect" (for co-operating with an unregistered person in the successful performance of a surgical operation), delivers himself of a tirade which, it is not unfair to assume, represents the author's considered opinion of his professional contemporaries, and of their technical equipment. "When

* *The Citadel*. By Dr. A. J. Cronin. Gollancz. 8s. 6d. *Health and a Day*. By Lord Horder. Dent. 7s. 6d.

I qualified," says Dr. Manson, " I was more of a menace to society than anything else. All I knew was the name of a few diseases and the drugs I was supposed to give for them. I couldn't even lock a pair of midwifery forceps. Anything I know I've learned since then. But how many doctors do learn anything beyond the ordinary rudiments they pick up in practice. They haven't got time, poor devils, they're rushed off their feet. That's where our whole organisation is rotten. We ought to be arranged in scientific units. There ought to be compulsory post-graduate classes. There ought to be a great attempt to bring science into the front line, to do away with the old bottle-of-medicine idea, give every practitioner a chance to study, to co-operate in research. And what about commercialism?—the useless guinea-chasing treatments, the unnecessary operations, the crowds of worthless pseudo-scientific proprietary preparations we use—isn't it time some of these were eliminated? The whole profession is far too tolerant and smug. Structurally, we're static. We never think of advancing, altering our system." Much of which is true and worth saying.

I will quote one more critical outburst from Dr. Cronin's novel. His medical hero, who has managed to secure a financially profitable connection through having a brass plate on a door in the Welbeck-Street-to-Cavendish-Square area, is morally nauseated by the conditions of his success, and decides to get out of it all. " There are too many jackals in this square mile of country," he says. " There's a lot of good men, trying to do good work, practising honestly, fairly, but the rest of them are just jackals. It's the jackals who give all these unnecessary injections, whip out tonsils and appendices that aren't doing any harm, play ball amongst each other with their patients, split fees, perform abortions, back up pseudo-scientific remedies, chase the guineas all the time."

The value both of specialism and of mechanistic aids to diagnosis and to treatment is very great; but, like most other things, they are valuable only if and when they are employed by people who know how to use them. The ordinary layman, especially the otherwise educated layman, has a pathetic faith in scientific apparatus and so-called instruments of precision. He is stupidly impressed by medical jargon; and has no notion of the almost indefinable subtleties of real medical diagnosis and real medical treatment—tentative and imperfect though those inevitably are even at their best. Moreover, being at heart a snob, he takes it for granted that any doctor with a brass plate on one of the expensive doors of Harley Street must be in all ways superior to the practitioners in the suburb or provincial town. By this sort of person, the general practitioner is regarded as a mere emergency makeshift—a sort of male village nurse, just good enough to doctor insured working people and human derelicts in receipt of public assistance. Philosophic G.P.s shrug their shoulders and get on with their job, in which they continue to take professional pride and find human satisfaction. But the majority of doctors are much like the majority of other people, and are inclined, in the long run, to accept the popular estimate of their value, and to live down to it. Pomposity, and that quackery which consists in the assumption of fictitious knowledge and skill are encouraged. Some of the results are shown, sentimentally and hyperbolically, in Dr. Cronin's novel. I would throw the responsibility for the situation not so much, as he seems to do, on the medical panderers to the public taste, as on the ignorance, and, even more, on the fundamental snobbishness of a big section of the public—rich and poor equally. For the ignorance, the medical profession, ever eager to monopolise and exploit a mystery, is itself very largely responsible. The snobbishness is the strange fruit of morbid humility and moral cowardice, rooted in monkey blood.

I hope that everybody who reads Dr. Cronin's novel, and is self-righteously horrified by its " revelations," will read also Lord Horder's *Health and a Day* (I wonder how many people are familiar with the source of that title), in the pages of which are described what decent self-respecting doctors think about their art, and something of the nature of the problems which they are called upon to tackle. Lord Horder, who is a practical and very experienced physician, notes with alarm the progressive narrowing of the function of the general practitioner—" the clinical physician *par excellence*." He regards this as being " no less dangerous to the public than it would be for the passengers of a ship if the captain left the bridge, and the chief engineer, or the chief steward, or the radio operator took his place."

A good deal of misunderstanding is undoubtedly traceable to the half-educatedness of the public in the sciences on which the art of medicine ultimately rests. All sorts of technical expressions are floating about, and there is much stupid talk about vitamins and glands and blood-pressure and the rest, muddled up with a lot of half-digested statistical matter. As Lord Horder instances, many patients are no longer able to describe their symptoms in ordinary language; they offer instead a sort of Babu diagnosis: " What is the matter with you? " we ask a patient; and we get in reply " Blood pressure, doctor." " And if now we gently push these things aside and ask him a few simple questions and then examine him with our unaided senses, he thinks our methods are mediaeval."

The efficient practice of medicine is very much more complicated than the plying of any craft. Both technical knowledge and technical skill are necessary; and they can be tested by examination and their possession certified on sheets of parchment. But though acquired skill and knowledge can adequately equip a specialist—even a real one—these things alone will never make a good physician, whether he practise in the slums or in Cavendish Square. If the human body were comparable with a motor car every part of which is repairable, the replacement of physicians and general practitioners by technical specialists would be both sensible and inevitable. In many ways, the human body *is* rather like a man-made machine; and to that extent specialism is possible and desirable. But there are those disturbing ingredients, sensations, emotions, conations, and the rest. Our thoughts, our conscious knowledge and our intelligence have but little effect on our vital processes, psychic or physiological. But in the healing of wounds and in resistance to illness, emotional states play a highly important part. Confidence or despair, faith or mistrust, may so affect our endocrine balance and our autonomic nervous system as to turn the scale between life and death. Though man's parts can often be mended by craftsmen, man, himself, presents a more complex problem.

Here is an extract from one of Lord Horder's chapters: " To-day we are witnessing the apotheosis of the machine in human life and it is not surprising to find that Medicine, like other spheres of action, is being mechanised. The public has come to believe that machinery is revolutionising the healing art and is dispensing with the need for human judgment. . . . Failing the reduction of Medicine to machinery, the public seeks salvation in the specialist and the expert; and the more apparatus, and the more complicated, employed by these, the greater its confidence. Awaking in the night with a pain in the belly the patient's immediate anxiety is not whether he will find his physician available, but whether the right specialist will be sent for. Is it the appendix, or the gall-bladder, or the stomach or the kidney-man he needs? What if he rings up the wrong one? Perhaps the trouble isn't in his belly at all, for he suddenly remembers that what his business friend thought was a severe attack of indigestion last week turned out to be coronary thrombosis. So perhaps it is a cardiologist he needs? God! how difficult life—and especially Medicine—is!"

A distinguished physician has said that " one of the most dangerous persons we can produce in the world is the uneducated specialist."

Much of the popular hostility to doctors is due to the profession's traditional narrow minded and seemingly selfish obstructionism to new ideas. Members of established professions are almost inevitably conservative. They like to feel that they have a secure status, and are the possessors of a knowledge and of a skill peculiarly their own. Hence the almost

feverish anxiety that again and again has characterised the opposition and ridicule meted out by the organised doctors to novel proposals and speculations. Simpson with his chloroform, Pasteur and Lister with their theories of sepsis, the bone-setters—one could multiply examples manifold. Inexact though its information is, the public has some knowledge of all these obstructionist acts, but it has not yet recognised the entirely new attitude to novelty of the leaders of orthodox medicine to-day. Within living memory many fundamental physiologic and hygienic truths, of which doctors hitherto had not the slightest knowledge, have been revealed and have received a warm and immediate welcome from the medical profession. No contention and no theory put forward by a quack has ever been so alien to previously established doctrine as have the discoveries of the vitamins and of the endocrine secretions—insulin, adrenalin, pituitrin, and so on.

I have no more belief in the general scoundrelism of doctors, which many readers of Dr. Cronin's novel seem inclined to take for granted, than I have in their general saintliness, as portrayed by exploiters of a rival sentimentalism. Doctors are at bottom uncommonly like other people. There is probably a black one and an etiolated one in every ten—and these stand out. They, for the most part, are the ones that get into the papers—and into the books of sensational novelists; but they are no more representative of doctors than they are of lawyers, editors, dock-labourers, or humanity in general.

The commercialism that taints every profession is no new thing, nor is Dr. Cronin its discoverer. The paragraph which follows was written by an English physician two hundred years ago. "Physicians, considered as a body of men, who live by medicine as a profession, have an interest separate and distinct from that of their art. In pursuit of this interest, some have acted with candour, with honour, with the ingenuous and liberal manners of gentlemen. Conscious of their own worth, they disdained all artificial colourings, and depended for success on their real merit. But such men are not the most numerous in any profession. Some, impelled by necessity, some stimulated by vanity, and others anxious to conceal conscious ignorance, have had resource to various mean and unworthy arts to raise their importance among the ignorant, who are always the most numerous part of mankind. Some of these arts have been an affectation of mystery in all their writings and conversations relating to their profession; an affectation of profound knowledge, inscrutable to all, except the adepts in the science; an air of perfect confidence in their own skill and abilities; and a demeanour solemn, stately, and highly expressive of self-importance."

HARRY ROBERTS

A LETTER TO A POPE

MOST HOLY FATHER,

With the deepest reverence I should address you, for, when all is said and done, you are the absolute head of the greatest religious body in the world: and even by more mundane standards everyone must respect a man who is not only infallible like all editors, but who can issue bulls and encyclicals which are certain of a world-wide circulation and enormous influence. Indeed, I cannot hope that my poor letter will ever come to your eyes. All your publications are sent out *adstantibus Cardinalibus archiepiscopis* and the rest of them, and I am quite sure that there will be still more of them standing around, when it is a question of putting into the wastepaper basket some unsuitable matter which has been sent in. "Why," I can hear them saying, "the fellow is not even civil. To *a* pope, indeed—as though there were more than one," and Catholics, more than most controversialists, are wont to accuse their opponents of bad manners. But in truth I meant no disparagement. You can look back over the centuries with the eye of eternity, and as yesterday will seem to you the epoch when there were two Popes, the Pope at Rome and the Pope at Avignon mutually damning one another. Theologically, I suppose there can be but one Pope, so that the other must be an anti-Pope, but, as no one can be certain till the Day of Judgment which one is which, prudence and politeness would alike lead me to address each one as a Pope. And, though at the moment of writing there is but one Pope, before this finds a reader there may be a second Pope in the field. For, if I remember my history rightly, it was the absence of the Pope at Avignon that led to his rival being established at Rome where he could defy the French king. And the only reason you are not at Avignon or some other inconvenient city without seven hills, is that Signor Mussolini happens like yourself to reside in Rome. But you are none the less his prisoner, though you occupy a Palace, and have your own private railway line and diplomatic representatives, and issue stamps for the delectation of the faithful and of philatelists.

Whatever Signor Mussolini chooses to initiate, you are compelled to bless it, and whatsoever he condemns, it is condemned. In support of fascism, which is but another name for Italian imperialism, you have to countenance his allying himself with the semi-pagan empire of Germany, or coming forward as the self-appointed champion of Islam. But you may think yourself lucky, for if he had chosen to ally himself with the atheist Republic of Russia you would have had no choice but to follow suit. We in Western Europe, away from the cradle of Latin civilisation, were shocked to hear of your blessing the invasion of Abyssinia, but that, I appreciate, though it might have surprised St. Peter, was quite in keeping with the policy of your predecessor, Pope Gregory XIII, at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. For, after all, the Abyssinians were not only schismatics but monophysite heretics, who as opponents of St. Athanasius could not be saved, unless they conceded to Italy all the mineral rights in their territory. But in what way are we to explain your toleration of General Franco, whose supporters claim in the English newspapers to be fighting for the faith, but who massacres the Basques, men, women, children and priests, although they are as good Catholics as any in Europe? Incidents such as the bombing of Guernica, which as yet you have not condemned (though it is surely as much like murder as the use of contraceptives), make us doubt how far you can claim to be the father of *all* good Christians.

Yet on second thoughts I doubt if you are likely to see a rival. Anti-papal though we may be, we do not nowadays set up anti-popes: for that matter we do not set up golden calves, but we are idolaters none the less. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery: and if we have no imitation pope, it is because we have lost interest in the original. Moribund indeed is an institution which has neither imitators nor bitter detractors. Is it not a sign of the times that we Anglicans pray for your recovery, send missions to the Holy See, and invite your bishops to garden parties?—in much the same way that we show a sentimental interest in the last surviving representatives of the Assyrians. This letter began (I hope) with the proper expressions of civility and respect. Even so have many generations of flatterers addressed the false prophets that were before you. If I had begun in the old-fashioned manner "To hell with you, Pope," it would have said far more for the importance of your sacred office.

AMBROSE HOOPINGTON

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

I SAW the Scorpion in the sky
Before it bit my heart
Its country seemed so far, so far
I did not feel its dart.

But when at last that bitter wound
I felt within my side
The sky was clear its silver balm
The Moon was spreading wide.

I looked again, another sign :
The Archer drew his bow
Ten thousand years of anguished time
He planted with his arrow.

Once more the sky was clear, all pain
Assuaged with soothing dew ;
The capering goat with butting horn
Out from the darkness drew.

A shoal of fish in gentle rain
Rose swimming towards the Pole,
Then bright-hooved on that silver plain
Appeared the Ram, the Bull.

Each took some substance of my heart
Some longing of my soul,
Stamping upon the upper air
That fragment of the whole.

Cold-clasped in one another's arms
The Heavenly Twins lay drowned
One wave washed from the sea of love
In bright particulars found.

The sideways Crab, the tawny Lion
The Balance and the Maid
Passed distant in that still procession
Man's dreaming mind has made,

Then vanishing. The sky, left bright,
Empty, without a sign,
Sparkling with myriad points of light
All meaningless was mine.

The sky was emptied with my heart,
Mere data of my brain,
O Scorpio stab me with thy dart
That I may feel again !

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Juno and the Paycock," at the Haymarket

Juno and the Paycock, after touring the suburbs, is now at the Haymarket "for a limited season"—three or four weeks, apparently. It is exasperating to find that this magnificent play, which has all the qualities of a popular success, should apparently be doomed to rare and brief appearances in the West End. At Streatham or Golders Green it goes with a bang ; the Haymarket audience could not have been more enthusiastic, but it might have been bigger. And even of those who went to the first night, a number had obviously seen the play before. Mr. Arthur Sinclair, Miss Sara Allgood and Miss Maire O'Neill still lead the cast. They act superbly. If anything, Miss O'Neill's Mrs. Madigan is fruitier and blowsier than before, and nothing quite like that gin-cracked laugh has been heard on the London stage since Marie Lloyd. Mr. Arthur Sinclair does not seem to have changed by a hair's breadth from his original performance. It is difficult now to imagine the part better done or indeed done in any other way. The soft ascending scale of his "I have a little spirit left in me still" gets more out of the words than one would think possible without hearing and seeing Mr. Sinclair. There is a new Joxer, Mr. Tony Quinn, a few inches taller than the original, damper, more shadowy, and wearing grey instead of black. The lovers do what they can, which is not very much ; the furniture men break in on the last act with blasting effect, as though they were stage hands ending a Pirandellian situation ; and after the tragic dignity of Mrs. Boyle's final speech we are left with the Paycock and Joxer navigating the empty room in contemplation of their "state of chassis." Mr. Charles Peters, as the young lawyer who brings the family crashing down, was rather wooden in the part, which needs personal charm. The two irregulars in trench coats are a shade over-dramatic. August is usually the month in London when there is not a good play to be seen anywhere. But those who make the complaint should make a point this year of going first to the Haymarket.

"Easy Living," at the Plaza

This farce contrives to be at once a daydream and a satire. The plot has a touch of René Clair : a choleric multimillionaire is so enraged with his wife that he gives her fur-coat (price $58,000) to a passing girl. The girl is as pretty as a film-star, the man is the "third biggest banker in America," two and two are added, and the astonished uncomprehending penniless girl finds every seller of luxury-goods in New York insisting on her accepting cars, chauffeurs, clothes, jewels and a hotel-suite, which is a parody of the most expensive hotel-suite in the world. The film ends very properly with the girl in the arms of the millionaire's son, who is as handsome as a film-star, and in the meanwhile we have had an almost Marksian scene in a cafeteria, and a hundred cracks at the rich in the best New Yorker tradition. The very simple may take the film as one more fairy-tale on the Cophetus principle, but it is packed with post-New-Deal satire on the customs of the banker class. Thus there are so many telephones in these opulent offices and bedrooms that no one knows which to answer. Miss Jean Arthur and Mr. Edward Arnold give a lot of flavour to a swell summer entertainment.

"Under the Red Robe," at the New Gallery

Mr. Stanley Weyman's historical novels, from one of which the story of this film has been derived, were produced by a perfectly uniform method. Mr. Weyman mixed sugar with superficial aspects of history, and stirred into the mixture some armchair literary elegances. The results were exceptionably genteel, and very popular some forty years ago. It seems all too characteristic of the British Film Industry to seek to resuscitate so demoded an author. And despite the pleas and accoutrements, the boots, spurs, black cloaks and bright swords of romance, Mr. Conrad Veidt cannot hide the fact that the character he is playing is little more than a dummy from Mr. Clarkson's end of Wardour Street. Miss Annabella is still in great difficulties with her English, but she might have done better if the part had let her. That excellent actor, Mr. Romney Brent, as the hero's comic squire, manages to create a slightly more lively effect. Most of the action takes place in and about the Chateau de Foix, but no attempt is made to introduce any real pictures of that castle. Outdoor photography is, in fact, hardly used at all, and from time to time one could almost see the wrinkles in the back cloth that represented the sky. The final revelation that under Cardinal Richelieu's red robe there beat a heart of gold, however unlikely it may have seemed in his own time, was hardly unexpected.

Paintings by Ashley Havindon at the London Gallery

The signature ASHLEY, as it appears on posters for the Milk Marketing Board, for Eno's Fruit Salt, or for Larranaga Cigars, belongs to Mr. Ashley Havindon who is holding his first exhibition of paintings in London this month. Modern advertising has its points. It is becoming clean, neat and inoffensive. In its most aristocratic manifestations when Mr. Havindon and his peers co-operate, it says what it means in tones both tasteful and disinfected, and there's the rub. An artist whose business it has been to express nothing but the hygienicness and social prestige of some commercial product is at a disadvantage when he and the products are divorced. Mr. Havindon's works look a little lost, for all their dapper self-assurance. They are as refined as the taste of tooth paste, as bright as an exhibition stand, as gay as a new restaurant before the customers have come in and made everything untidy. Perhaps they are solemn manifestations of constructivism. There is a hint of Moholy-Nagy, a rumour of Arp, a glimpse of a barber's pole (this is the happiest moment). But they have the air of being simply projects—bare bones waiting for the holy spirit of modern salesmanship to bring them to life. We wish that Mr. Havindon would attempt something less easy.

THE COMING WEEK

MONDAY, August 16th—
"Twelfth Night," Regent's Park.
"Yegor Bulichoff" and "Lady Audley's Secret," Barn Theatre, Shere.

TUESDAY, August 17th—
"Gertie Maude," St. Martin's.

WEDNESDAY, August 18th—
"Old Music," St. James's.

THURSDAY, August 19th—
"Turn of the Tide," Everyman.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Penguin sixpenny library must be congratulated on having recently published its hundredth volume: a book which has many stories of real penguins in its pages—Apsley Cherry-Garrard's *The Worst Journey in the World* (Penguin Books, 2 vols., 6*d.* each). I had not read this famous book before, and found the detailed account of the daily life of Scott's last expedition absorbingly interesting. The record of the disastrous expedition to the Pole itself, which they reached only to find that Amundsen had preceded them, although he had made strange pretences that he was going to the North Pole, is shocking as well as tragic. The heroic temper of Scott and his companions and the way in which they met their deaths is known to everyone. But Mr. Cherry-Garrard's summing-up of the reasons which led to the disaster shows that it was due to miscalculation in physiological arithmetic. The food they took with them, although a normal full ration, was not sufficient to make up for the enormous expenditure of energy required to haul sledges at such very low temperatures. They were constantly hungry, exhausted and cold. Slowly they lost weight, became unfit to work, and died. I have not read *The Friendly Arctic*, by Stefannsen, but I have been told of the comparison he draws between the explorer scarcely able to keep from freezing to death in a tent and the hunter who builds himself a snow hut in which he soon has to take off all his outer clothes, and who lives on his hunting.

* * *

Unflinching: A Diary of Tragic Adventure, by Edgar Christian (Murray, 6*s.*), is the simplest and, I think, the most moving story of suffering that I have read. The death of a great explorer, like Scott, is in its nature far less tragic. For the explorer is an experienced man who deliberately runs risks in the hopes of making some great discovery. Edgar Christian, who came from the same family as Fletcher Christian the *Bounty* mutineer, was a boy of only just nineteen when he died. He completely trusted the skill and judgment of a much older man, his cousin, Jack Hornby, who led him to his death. The record is horrible, yet the boy never doubted that he was right to put his faith in Hornby, and one sees that he was right. Hornby was a man with a great reputation for living by hunting in the far north of Canada. He had a real passion for solitude and for the wilds, and his last expedition was planned to introduce his young cousin, whom he had brought out from England after his last visit, and to whom he was much attached, to the world he loved. In May the boy wrote that Hornby was planning to travel in greater comfort and taking more stores than ever before, and that everyone he met was telling him: "Anyone who is with J. Hornby can never go wrong." At Edmonton they met Harold Adlard, who served during the war in the Air Force, and who, being a friend of Hornby's, was asked to join the party. Adlard was in the difficult position of a man breaking in on a very close friendship. Edgar Christian's last letter home was written in the middle of June, 1926, and an unfinished letter written at the end of the month describes crossing Great Slave Lake in a canoe and making a meal off the eggs of Arctic terns, the birds which migrate from the Arctic to the Antarctic and presumably have no experience of night except during their migrations. There is no record of how the party spent July, August and September. Edgar Christian begins his diary on October 14th, when they had settled in a hut on the Thelon River, about two hundred miles from Fort Reliance on Great Slave Lake. It was about a hundred yards from the river, in a spruce forest, facing south, with the barren lands stretching away on higher ground to the north. They were busily making the hut fit for the winter, and were worried because the caribou had not appeared and they had accumulated only a very small stock of frozen meat. The Thelon district is one of the coldest places on earth, and the diary records temperatures down to −54 degrees Fahrenheit.

* * *

Christian describes how they laid a line of traps, and kept a continual look-out for the caribou, and fished through the ice, occasionally catching a trout, and spread a net for ptarmigan. On November 27th the entry is:

> A fine day, but we are all taking life easy to economise in grub. I went out to Barrens and got one fox and reset traps. Jack dug up all the fish left, sixty in all, which will last just two weeks, and then, if we have no meat we will be in a bad way.

Perhaps if they had caught nothing at all, they would have been better off, for they had flour and could have made their way back to Reliance, where there was a post of N.W. Mounted Police. But every few days they caught something and were kept perpetually hoping they would get caribou. One day it would be "got one fox but it was damned thin and not even a meal for us"; another day would produce "one ptarmigan in net, just a bite and that's all"; or a fat trout, "which was more appreciated owing to having rather slim pickings for breakfast." So it went on: a record of fluctuating starvation, of frostbitten knees and noses and of physical energy slowly ebbing. On January 4th Edgar discovered "a very welcome addition to the larder, 14 white fish we had thrown there for bait if wanted," and the next day came across "a cache of meat we had quite forgotten owing to not being good, but right now we eat it with relish." The white fish when eaten some days later "smell and taste strongly of some over-ripe cheese, but as rotten as it may be, was as good eating as cheese."

* * *

The strain of starving began to tell on their minds as well as their bodies, and Adlard naturally showed it first. On January 6th he did not speak after coming in from the usual unsuccessful hunt, and the boy complains of the unpleasantness. But on February 1st Adlard went hunting though he had had his nose frozen the previous day, and got a caribou and they had a great day of feasting. On the 9th they were again without meat or grease, and Hornby went out and brought in the frozen blood where the caribou had been killed, which "made a great mixture with flour." They began to scrape hides and fish skins to eat, and then on the 24th Adlard got a caribou calf. By March 15th any unusual exertion showed they had "all the stuffing knocked out." They pounded bones for grease. By April 1st they were eating a wolverine hide for supper, and Hornby was suffering agonies in his leg. By this time the rubbish heap was proving its value: the scraps of gutted fish guts and entrails which had been thrown away months before had remained frozen and were raked over and eaten. They ate bones and suffered from blockages in the intestines from the bones and the matted hair they had eaten. Harold Adlard complained a great deal, was queer in his behaviour, and Edgar Christian felt that he had to keep an eye on him the whole time. On April 17th Hornby died, having been reduced almost to a skeleton, and Adlard, no doubt feeling his responsibility, behaved magnificently. On May 4th Adlard died. Edgar Christian continued living on scraps until after June 1st, the date of his last entry, but he was growing weaker and weaker, and was no doubt suffering from food poisoning. The book ends with the police report, describing the condition of the hut and the bodies, the disposal of its contents and their burial. From beginning to end the diary is the simplest record, in the simplest language, of steadily increasing suffering. There is not one selfish or cowardly word or thought in it. Men behave continually with most extraordinary courage, but their courage is rarely simple. They call on all the great names they know for help, and are brave for the sake of God, or country, or family, or class. Edgar Christian seems to have had no need to call for help. He sewed up the bodies of his comrades in blankets, and lived for almost a month, perfectly calm and meeting death without making any fuss about it. *Unflinching* is a most wonderful document.

DAVID GARNETT

MORE OR LESS TRUE

As Young as Sophocles. By GERALD HAMILTON. *Secker.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Ordeal Over England. By SIR PHILIP GIBBS. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Green Edge of Asia. By RICHARD PYKE. *Allen and Unwin.* 6*s.*

Personal Memoirs of H. P. Blavatsky. Compiled by MARY K. NEFF. *Rider.* 18*s.*

August, a reviewer might sing, is the cruellest month—but the month, perhaps, for memoirs. In a heat wave, when even the better fiction seems sticky, it is possible to read a memoir or two. Not that any of the above books are exceptionally good, but they are individual and distinct, they are cool. Odd that this form of writing, so linked to the first person, should remain comparatively detached. Partly no doubt this is the result of superficiality, self-explanation is skipped, and when the author writes "I," as he does ten or twenty times to the page, the elephantine tread affects us no more than a mouse. No two things, I imagine, could be farther apart than the intention and the effect of the average memoir, the first so filled with revelation, the second so bald; but it is a natural selection which saves the writer from absurdity. Egotism becomes anecdote. The charm of most autobiography is independent of literary merit. Writing one's life is often little more than the equivalent of turning out an old drawer of theatre programmes or emptying one's pockets on the table, yet how delightful that can be! There is the fascination of dates—time passes more easily and convincingly in the memoir than in the novel; the attachment of real places and people, politics, fashion, travel. Memory acts, too, as a leveller and though what it sees may be flat, it is a natural perspective. "What do you remember of your visit to Rome?" a French writer asked his children. "The little white dog at the station," was the answer. If you don't sympathise with that answer, you are unlikely to get much pleasure from reading memoirs.

In *As Young as Sophocles*, Mr. Gerald Hamilton describes the first fifty years of an adventurous semi-public career. He is an Irishman, a radical, a weathercock, a bit of a crank. Most of his time has been spent travelling from one continent to another, negotiating with ambassadors and starting movements. In China, where he was born, he went native to the horror of all the Europeans except the Germans; and as a result of studying Buddhism (so he says) he became a Roman Catholic, but lost his faith in Christianity during the war when he was interned. He was a Sinn Feiner in Ireland, a Royalist in Greece. On almost any page of his book one will find impressive names, fantastic situations and bewildering changes of direction. "Plastic," I think, is his word for himself.

> At this time I had already lost my faith in the Roman Catholic Church, and this caused Father Martindale much distress. I remember that on one occasion we paid a visit to the Palace Music Hall. The whole evening had been deep in discussion; I was meditating leaving the Church; Father Martindale was endeavouring to dissuade me. The argument was continued inside the theatre. Father Martindale pressed me to make a confession. "But," said I, "I cannot. I am not sorry that I committed these sins." "Are you not sorry that you are not sorry?" Father Martindale replied, and I admitted that perhaps I was. "Very well then, that's enough," he said, "you can make your confession. Nobody will hear you. Hold up your programme in front of your face." I remember this extraordinary scene very clearly. As we whispered together, Basil Hallam on the stage was singing the song, "Oh Hades! The Ladies!" Father Martindale indicated the moment of absolution by opening his watch. Alas, this temporary re-conversion was not permanent.

There are many other incidents almost equally difficult to believe. The page preceding this contains some amusing stories of Flo Abdy, a baronet's widow on Marie Lloyd lines, and the page after goes on to Roger Casement, with whom Mr. Hamilton was intimate. (Incidentally, his portrait of Casement is disappointing.) But for the lack of index, indeed, *As Young as Sophocles* might be the usual vote of thanks, more than usually coloured, to everyone with a resounding name whom the author has met. He tells us how he gave a sliding pencil to the Tsar's daughter; how the Pope thanked him at the end of a long audience; how he watched a Russian prince slicing off heads of Pommery 1900 with a riding whip; how "it was in the salon of the Contessa Lovatelli that I first met the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg," and so on. It is a galaxy of little white dogs. And how little Mr. Hamilton recalls of his real emotions at any of these periods! Nevertheless, the idiosyncrasies show through, and Mr. Hamilton is a fascinating and puzzling character. For example, he ends his book with a solemn tabulation of his arguments against Christianity. He is best known to the English public as a pacifist and the originator of the "Save the Children Fund" after the war. His hatred of killing, indeed, has gone so far that, when he was in the East, instead of getting rid of the mosquitoes at night by poisoning them he preferred to put them to sleep with a temporary drug. This may suggest the follower of Tolstoy, but in fact Tolstoy is never mentioned; on the other hand, Mr. Hamilton cracks up Nietzsche, and if anything he is, in all but amorous exploit, Casanovan. When once you have begun reading this book you may even be surprised at the pacifism. But you will not be surprised by the gusto with which political scheming and fantastic luxury in Shanghai and St. Petersburg are described, the alternations between Court and prison, the enjoyment of money and the sneaking regard for the poor. Some of the descriptions of rococo wealth and the squalor of prison life are extremely vivid. How typical of Mr. Hamilton that at the beginning of the war, when he was on the point of having important political dealings with Roger Casement in Berlin, he should be living with rather "foolish" ostentation in Madrid! One result of reading this book is that one tends to take his adventures more seriously than his opinions; not that his various beliefs and humane enthusiasms are unconvincing, but exuberance of living comes first. To those who can enjoy a gaudy political thriller in real life, written unskilfully with a good deal of humour and vanity, *As Young as Sophocles* may be recommended.

Ordeal Over England is a cross-section of English opinion before, during and after the Abdication crisis; but it also provides a self-portrait. The good autobiographer always gives himself away. While Mr. Hamilton in his Chinese drawing in Westminster admires the poetry of Lord Alfred Douglas and the music of Richard Strauss, Sir Philip Gibbs sits in a railway carriage enjoying *Goodbye Mr. Chips*. We get the picture of an elderly Liberal, a distinguished journalist, indefatigably interested, indefatigably travelling round and popping questions to all sorts of people on important subjects. What do the young think about war? Is Churchill right about Germany? Will our Air Force be able to keep the bombers out? The idea of England, present in the title, is rather embarrassingly repeated throughout the book. A foreigner reading it would get the impression that everyone in England, from Mr. Baldwin down to the local tobacconist, had behaved perfectly splendidly throughout the crisis. Besides the death of George V, the Abdication and the Coronation (three occasions on which Sir Philip has to repeat his effects), there are good descriptions of the Arms Commission, a visit to Oxford, conversations with members of the Air Force, and portraits—pleasantly lifelike—of Churchill, Mr. Hore-Belisha, Professor Laski and others. The writing is breezy and efficient, with certain infallible journalistic tricks:

> I went into a great building to take lunch with a little man with a high-powered intelligence, considered dangerous by people who don't like his particular type of mind, and its results in printed or spoken words. His name is Laski.

But for the fact that Sir Philip always speaks of England as one might of a big dog, this book in its way is admirable reporting. Politically it is pale pink.

The Green Edge of Asia describes a journalistic tour of China and Japan. It is prettily, though at times rather self-consciously, written. The trouble about this sort of book is that it is almost impossible for an author, not knowing the language, to discover anything which has not been already discovered and written about. The communal bath, ceremonial tea-drinking, a Chinese play, a monastery, the temples of Nikko—they reappear as inevitably as the visits to the Bank, the theatre, etc., in a Berlitz phrase-book. There are, too, the commonplaces to be agreed with or refuted: "Shanghai is not China," "The Japs will certainly (or will never) get China." Mr. Pyke manages to find an original and a rather weird comparison for the Chinese character, which he says resembles the Irish. His statement of it is not very convincing. He has some good remarks about the difficulty for a Jap of living a double life in a semi-Westernised country, the din of Chinese life, and the behaviour of the police. The examples of Japanese English in hotel bedrooms given in the last chapter are amusing; but why does Mr. Pyke find it necessary first to explain that he is not making fun of the Japanese?

Madame Blavatsky's *Memoirs* is for the initiate. The ordinary reader may be amazed, nothing more. Sentences like "then I

followed him with my monkeys to Egypt " are flung up from a mass of travel, theosophy, apparitions, newspaper attacks and cablegrams from one continent to another. One can only look on, here. G. W. STONIER

ALL SORTS TO MAKE A WORLD

Modern Painting in England. By MARY CHAMOT. *Country Life.* 10s. 6d.

Imagine an anthology of modern English writing which includes extracts from, and comments upon, the work of Thomas Hardy, Wilhelmina Stitch, E. M. Forster, Charles Garvice, Somerset Maugham, the Baroness Orczy, Ronald Firbank, James Douglas, Christopher Isherwood, Lord Castlerosse, Eddington, Marianne Mayfayre and both the Wyndham Lewises, then you will have some notion of Miss Mary Chamot's bewildering catholicity. She gives us over seventy illustrations, of which a dozen are in colour, and an index containing particulars about the life and training of nearly three hundred painters. What conclusion she expects the reader to draw I cannot make out. She is amiability itself, and takes to her heart with apparently equal readiness the drawings of Sir William Rothenstein and the abstractions of Mr. Ben Nicholson. The only person to whom she is unfair is Mr. Clive Bell, who, she says, " has taken a somewhat narrow view in singling out Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell as the only English painters who conform to his ideals and produce 'significant form'." Readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION do not need to be told that Mr. Bell has praised exuberantly, I do not say excessively, a number of other English painters. But Miss Chamot elsewhere opens her arms even to Mr. Bell, and no doubt he will forgive her.

If this is the only instance of unfairness, there are a good many comments which are justly sharp. Of Orpen's brilliant " Play Scene from Hamlet," painted when he was at the Slade, she remarks that " in many ways it is the best picture Orpen ever painted, and the fact may arouse some doubts concerning the benefits of academic distinction and popularity in an artist's development." Of Dame Laura Knight's career she says " It is a pity that such skill should not be inspired by more taste and aesthetic sensibility." One wonders why she found it necessary to drag in so many practitioners of painting. Something, no doubt, had to be said about Mr. Brangwyn. But Mr. and Mrs. Procter, Mr. Cayley Robinson, Mr. George Sheringham, Mr. Charles Sims, Mr. Anning Bell? Then why not Mr. Olssen, Mr. Campbell Taylor, Mr. Cadogan Cowper? It takes all sorts to make a world, and all that; but Miss Chamot has herself provided the best comment on the Royal Academy: " the time is bound to come when the public, educated by what it sees at the tube stations, will require an equally high standard for the drawing-room."

It may seem ungracious to complain that this survey is too wide, but the sad fact is that the reader of it receives a rather dismal impression of modern English painting. The best picture reproduced was painted nearly seven hundred years ago—the Madonna in the Bishop's Palace at Chichester. (Miss Chamot is to be congratulated on giving us this, but I wish it had been a photograph of the original and not of the " improved " copy made by Professor Tristram.) This is a most ravishing work, as elegant as it is expressive, but it does not make us more in love with those sturdy moderns whom our author applauds for refusing to be influenced by the French. Native wood-notes wild are all very well, and there have sometimes been great artists—the Douanier Rousseau, for instance—who have solved their problems with no help from tradition. But France is the only European country in which painting has remained alive during the last hundred years. And to complain that modern English painters are influenced by the French is no less ridiculous than to blame Poussin and Claude for inhabiting Rome and being influenced by the Italians. Looking through the illustrations in this book one is struck, above all, by the amount of talent which has for one reason or another been wasted in England. Orpen, McEvoy, Connard, Lavery, Glyn Philpot, Augustus John—they are very different from one another both in natural ability and in what they have accomplished, but all had rare gifts and none has made the most of them. Consider the patience, the indifference to popularity, the wholeheartedness, of their French contemporaries such as Bonnard or Braque or Rouault, and you cannot help being dismayed by the comparison. Are the English more avaricious, more anxious for money and titles and the patronage of Royalty? Or is it not rather that we are fundamentally more frivolous? We incline not to take art very seriously, even when we have an extraordinary talent for it. Almost all the Victorian novelists dissipated or adulterated their gifts, writing carelessly and seeking to flatter or " improve." A painter depends upon a smaller public than a writer, but that only makes his case more perilous. For the English rich as often as not are devilish agreeable, and the painter whom they take up finds himself enjoying urbane conversation on the velvet lawns of stately homes. But usually these delightful people have a very odd taste in art, the great aristocrats no less than the aldermen and the profiteers. Brought up in some of the most beautiful houses in the world, with Titians and Rembrandts and Poussins and Gainsboroughs on their walls, they themselves choose to be painted by a Collier or a Laszlo, a Birley or an Elwes. If modern English painting continually disappoints, the blame must be divided between the ignorance of the patrons and the undue modesty of the artist who accepts their standards.

Some gifted painters, it is true, have shown themselves too conceited, or too inelastic, to adapt their work to the taste of the rich and powerful. And a few eccentric patrons have been found to provide these with a precarious livelihood. I cannot myself derive much delight from Mr. Stanley Spencer's work, and I do not think that the promise of his earlier work has been fulfilled. But he cannot be accused of flattering the preferences of the fashionable world. Like Mr. Sickert, he allowed himself to become an Associate of the Royal Academy, under the naif impression that he could help to reform that illustrious institution. And inevitably he found that that illustrious institution wished to reform him. He resigned; Mr. Sickert resigned; Burlington House remains safe for Rushburys, Procters, and fashionable portrait-painters; and Mr. Sickert remains a model to all English painters. By which, of course, I mean not that they should imitate his style—too many do so already—but that he has shown wisdom as well as integrity in the use of his talent. The *doyen* of English painters, he has a position apart—and probably earns much less in a year than Orpen made in a week, for which the immense admiration and respect with which all his serious fellow-painters regard him may in some respects be a barren consolation.

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MORRIS

After looking at Miss Chamot's illustrations, I am more impressed than ever with Mr. Sickert's extraordinary achievement. We have recently had at the Tate Gallery an exhibition of the greatest of all English painters, Constable—an exhibition which made less effect than it should have owing to the bizarre framing used by the Victoria and Albert Museum for his marvellous oil-sketches. Is it not the least that we can do for the greatest English painter to appear since Constable to have in the Tate the largest possible exhibition of his works? Or is it necessary to wait for Mr. Sickert's hundredth birthday before delighting ourselves by doing him this honour? RAYMOND MORTIMER

DEAR, DEAD PEOPLE . . .

Dear Youth. By BARBARA WILSON. *Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.

The elegiac note is hard to sustain; and, however well-sustained, it is apt to become wearisome. This is the chief disadvantage of Lady Wilson's otherwise cleverly conducted little expedition *à la recherche du temps perdu:* her narrative from end to end is written in a tone of romantic regret—of sentimental nostalgia for past times: with the result that the effect is a trifle shadowy. These charming people seem too charming to have really lived. Was this the late-Victorian—this the Edwardian epoch? Did they pass like one long summer's day: dignified, cultured statesmen arriving with despatch boxes at splendid country houses, there to greet hostesses as good as they were beautiful, and romp with children who were either attractive or unusually promising, or (as in the Lister and Grenfell households) both? True, Lady Wilson has imposed deliberate limitations on her standpoint by electing to review the past through the eyes of her own worthy, unselfish, deeply attached but (one gathers) not particularly intelligent German governess, who arrived to undertake Tommy and Barbara Lister's education in the year 1885. The book is divided into two sections; and, whereas the first part is largely imaginative and contains an amusing and lively re-creation of Zellie's early life, the second part is devoted to reminiscences in which Lady Wilson herself takes a share—recollections of that enchanted pre-war universe which produced Lord and Lady Ribblesdale (the former tall, extraordinarily handsome, invariably urbane), their son, the gallant Tommy Lister, such important personages as "young Mr. Curzon" (whom Zellie found "ebullient and almost embarrassingly vivacious"), the Master of Balliol, Mr. Asquith, distinguished by prematurely greying locks, and such brilliant figures as the dashing and irresistible Miss Margot Tennant, whose bedroom caused poor Zellie a good deal of surprise, with its "sporting prints, the long row of hunting whips, the silk nighties made in the racing colours of one of her admirers, the bookcases full of volumes which Zellie had never read and never would read. . . . One of the turrets in this room had been turned into an oratory, with a *prie-Dieu* and a crucifix, and a skull, yes, a human skull, on a table."

Unfortunately, most of Zellie's portraits are the sort of water-colour sketches we should expect from an extremely sweet-natured and devoted German maiden lady, rather than impressions that remain printed on the reader's mind. Yet, granted these defects, the book is interesting. It is a picture—much softened, much idealised, rich with vague golden lights and violet shadows—of a fascinating and, now that we look back on it, somewhat tragic period of English social history. Perhaps the Souls (as Zellie, in one of her rare moments of criticism, ventures to suggest) may have had some affinity with *Les Précieuses Ridicules*: perhaps these brilliant people (judging by certain survivors) may not have been so dazzlingly brilliant after all: yet patrician statesmen of the Curzon and Balfour type, at least on intellectual grounds, may well be preferred to their present-day counterparts: while the *petit noyau* that they formed—part literary, part political, part aristocratic—was a society in the great tradition of Holland House, which was itself based on the finest traditions of an earlier epoch. It was the last English attempt at an intellectual aristocracy—favoured, for the time being, by circumstances; doomed, in the event, by forces that it did not understand and, if it had understood, could scarcely have controlled. Lady Wilson shows it drifting towards the rapids—so smoothly and swimmingly that none could predict its ultimate overthrow. PETER QUENNELL

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AN EXPERIMENT IN WONDERLAND

The Alberta Experiment. By C. H. DOUGLAS. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 5s.

There is no such thing in economic matters as an experiment in the purely scientific sense of the word. We may try such-and-such and see how it works; but then we have no means of testing what would have happened had we held our hand or instead of such-and-such applied so-and-so. The "Russian Experiment," the "German Experiment," yield results, but nothing to compare them with; actually, of course, totalitarian statistics being what they are, it is not easy to estimate even the results themselves. Nevertheless, if the break with previous policy is sharp enough, if sufficiently definite predictions have been made, an element of the experimental does enter into economic events; and when Mr. Aberhart was returned to power, nearly two years ago, as Premier of Alberta, that part of the world which notices such matters sat back and prepared to enjoy a try-out of Major Douglas's Social Credit. They were disappointed. Major Douglas, although holding the official position of Reconstruction Adviser to the Alberta Government, was not called to active collaboration; the gap between Mr. Aberhart's conception of Social Credit and that of its originator proved wider than expected; Alberta effectively defied the Money Power only to the extent of defaulting, some months later, on £640,000 worth of bonds. Not for the first time, an economic experiment has turned out like Alice's croquet match; the hedgehogs have all crawled away and the flamingos have gone off on private business. It is all very disheartening and mystifying.

The Alberta Experiment contains Major Douglas's own account of the matter. Half the volume consists of appendices; the text of his own Report to the Executive Council, the correspondence between himself and Mr. Aberhart after the latter's electoral victory, a Bill establishing an Albertan Credit House under the control of the Provincial Government. The narrative of the book proper is thus strongly reinforced; and indeed the reinforcement is badly needed. The story Major Douglas has to tell is less concerned with economic and political developments in Alberta than with his own relations to Mr. Aberhart and his Government; the background is conveyed in asides, dark hints and cryptic references, Mr. Montagu Norman slips across, upstage, in a con-

spirator's cloak, persons unnamed wheedle Mr. Aberhart by flattery from the true path, the vision recedes. . . . Meanwhile, Major Douglas, from Fig Tree Court, alternates cablegrams of miraculous compression with letters of miraculous length; and, at last, regretfully refers his correspondent to more accessible advisers. He has not lost hope. Mr. Aberhart has made bad mistakes. His popular halo has diminished. He has truckled to the Money Power, he has taken advice from the Money Power's nominees. But the gospel is spreading through the Western States of the Dominion; the Government of Alberta may yet take courage; the Report of the Royal Commission (part, of course, of a potentially "crushing offensive" by the "financial interests") may precipitate a real defiance. In fact, we may see our experiment after all; and perhaps when it is over the economists of the world will in gratitude pass round the hat for the people of Alberta.

HONOR CROOME

RUNNING AWAY TO SEE

It's a Great Life. By C. C. SODEN. *Skeffington.* 8s. 6d.
The Great Australian Loneliness. By ERNESTINE HILL. *Jarrolds.* 18s.
Barefoot Through Mauretania. By ODETTE DU PUIGAUDEAU. Translated by GEOFFREY SAINSBURY. *Routledge.* 12s. 6d.

Some time or another every healthy child, fired by the works of Marryat, Ballantyne and Kingston, makes up his mind to run away to sea. Quite a number of people manage to achieve this ambition in maturer years. This, of course, is excellent, since they all write books, saying like Jack Horner, "Oh, what a brave boy am I," and the less adventurous among us are permitted to enjoy vicarious thrills in an arm-chair by our own firesides, thus purging our systems of heaven knows how many complexes.

This week, we have a batch of three books, two of which are by women who ran away to see, and one by a man who actually did run away to sea Of the three authors the man makes the shortest book, but the best showing.

Indeed, it is refreshing to read Mr. Soden. Twice he slunk away from school to serve before the mast in the traditional manner. Marryat, he found, had hoaxed him badly and life afloat was just a monotonous round of hard work, while a fright at Gibraltar and tender words of advice from the inevitable scarlet woman with a heart of gold made him shy off from the delights of a dockyard town. All the usual events of a wanderer's life seem to have been his. He rode freight-trains in America, though it is true that he paid his fare more than once. He worked in a circus. And, after one or two false starts, he had a very impressive war record, becoming Regimental Sergeant-Major in a Canadian regiment. If he had not had an unfortunate weakness for dressing himself up in uniforms to which he was not entitled, who knows to what giddy ranks might Mr. Soden have risen? After the war, he served in the Mexican army and then tried his luck, unsuccessfully, in Hollywood. The last seven chapters of the book are occupied by an account of a motor trip across Australia. This account is as monotonous as the Australian desert appears to be. Unfortunately it spoils an otherwise readable story of adventure, cheerfully undergone and brightly told.

Miss Ernestine Hill is concerned with Australia only. The main merits of her book are a number of excellent photographs and some astounding pieces of information hidden, like Australian gold, in a wilderness. In this case the wilderness is one of words, not sand Miss Hill, as a roving reporter, spent five years and travelled 50,000 miles in the wilder parts of Australia. While admiring her courage and industry, one is tempted to wonder why. A drearier collection of failures than the people among whom she wasted five years would be difficult to find. There are, apparently, as many deserted cities in Australia, for all its short history, as there are in Egypt, Chaldaea and Assyria all put together. Miss Hill's book is divided into three parts. The first deals with the West Australian coast, the second with the tropical seaboard of the north, the third with the interior. The second section of the book is by far the most interesting. In it one learns, for example, that in 553,000 square miles in the Northern Territory there are 3,306 Europeans, 744 full-blooded Asiatics, 800 half-castes and roughly 25,000 aborigines. Furthermore, at least 10 per cent. of this European population is made up of Government servants in residence for three years and its annual increase is 70 souls, while the half-caste population has doubled in a decade. The Commonwealth Government are trying to solve the problem by miscegenation and white bushmen are encouraged to marry mulattos and quadroons. Dr. Cecil Cook, the Chief Medical Officer in Northern Australia, maintains that the Mendelian theory does not apply in this case and that there is no atavistic tendency in the Australian aborigine, who, he says, belongs to the most easily assimilable race in the world. Miss Hill tells stories of mixed marriages that make this sound rather doubtful.

Mlle. Odette du Puigaudeau ran away both to sea and to see. Together with Mlle. Marion Senones, she sailed to the African coast in a Breton fishing-boat and then wandered across the deserts of Mauretania. Excellent descriptions of native life and festivals are given, the problems of French colonial rule are interestingly outlined and a ghastly picture is drawn of the conditions under which live the still existing slaves. The authoress and her friend suffered great hardships and are, no doubt, to be congratulated for their tenacity. Nevertheless, one is forced to wonder whether this amateur exploration and reportage does not lead to effort being wasted and talent misdirected. Once again the illustrations are excellent, and the translator seems to have done an adequate job of work.

JAMES CURTIS

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET?

The Controlling Minds of Asia. By SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH. *Herbert Jenkins.* 15s.
Kemal Ataturk. By HANNS FROEMBGEN. Translated by KENNETH KIRKNESS. *Jarrolds.* 18s.

The East has ceased to be the land of mystery and has become instead the land of "problems" and "questions." What will be the effects of westernisation? Is the process really only skin-deep, or have all the problems of western industrialism come to stay? Will American or Russian methods be the models for conducting the new industries? Is Islam really losing ground before the attacks of the secularising dictators? Is Mohammedan art doomed? Is democracy a practical form of government for Eastern peoples? Are the dictators at least of Turkey and Iran

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succeeding in their ambition of turning their countries into western states and advancing the frontiers of Europe from the Bosporus to the Hindu Kush?

To none of these questions, which cry out for authoritative answers, do the two books under review give any answer. The Sirdar Ikbal has a great opportunity. As an Afghan, he should be more capable than a European of interpreting the East to the West; he has obviously travelled considerably and had personal acquaintance with several of the figures whom he describes. Yet his book is disappointing, partly perhaps because his English has unfortunately not improved since his earlier works.

It is interesting to note that four out of his nine "controlling minds" are already dead. With Feisal, the Aga Khan and Ibn Saud, he obviously feels most at home, and has more interesting things to say than he has about his own countryman, Nadir Shah, the remarkable soldier who brought peace to the Afghans. He reminds us in each case of the importance of family history, which matters more than individual lives in the East, where the past interlocks with the present and dominates it. He shows us how the Aga Khan is much more than an owner of race-horses—as a matter of interest, he never bets—and is one of the most progressive Mohammedans alive. He reminds us of the greatness of Ibn Saud, chief of the Wahabis, the Puritans of the Mohammedan world, and ruler of most of Arabia. Ibn Saud has succeeded not only in pacifying the Bedouin over this whole vast area, but also in overcoming their prejudices against vaccination, wireless and other mistrusted Western innovations. I have seen the pilgrim routes strewn with discarded petrol cans as well as the carcasses of camels. But the Sirdar has tantalisingly little to say about the possibilities of a Pan-Arab federation, which many acute observers consider to be drawing nearer and nearer realisation, especially since the Palestine troubles and the revolution in Iraq. Nor has he anything new to say about Sun-Yat-Sen, Gandhi or Kemal. In fact his sketch of the last is so sketchy that it scarcely mentions modern Turkey, Kemal's creation, but stops short at his victory over the Greeks fourteen years ago.

The same fault destroys the balance of Herr Froembgen's highly coloured life of Kemal, which devotes only one chapter out of sixteen to Kemal's reconstruction of Turkey. It is as if a life of Augustus were to stop at Actium. On the other hand, there are excellent photographs of modern Turkey, and especially of strapping handsome schoolgirls, whose mothers—incredible thought—passed all their lives in the harem. The illustrations are the best part of Herr Froembgen's book, which reads like a translation, contains several inaccuracies (for example, in treating of the naval attack on the Dardanelles) and has no more to say than the several other "popular" biographies of Kemal. Perhaps Herr Froembgen was interested in the man and not in his work. But the two are inseparable. In Turkey, as in Iran, the national revival and centuries-swift Westernisation are the creation of a single galvanic personality. The question here, as important to the East as similar questions about Augustus or the Tudors were to the West, is: Can the work survive the man?

W. V. EMANUEL

GROUNDWORK

Anthropology. By ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER. *Harrap.* 18*s.*

In a thousand movie theatres every night a voice panting with enthusiasm cries "Time marches on," the implication being that everything must be getting better and better. The confidence with which this slogan rings out at the end of a pictorial analysis of the plight of the sharecropper or the nightmare of the Chinese ant-heap is based on the application of the idea of evolution to human societies. Cultures move upward as man moved upward from his ape-like origins, from Stone Age through Bronze Age to Iron Age, from hunting through domestication to agriculture. Professor Toynbee expresses the idea in a passage from *A Study of History*.

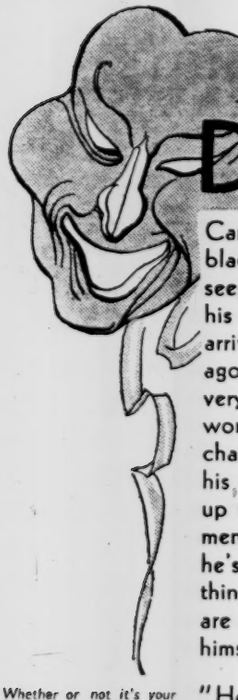
> In Watt's Chaos, huge figures of Titans are pictured in the act of shaking themselves free from the frame of their mother earth. They are still of her clay . . . but we know that in a moment . . . these giants will surely rise to their feet and then stride forward over land and sea. We know it because . . . the grim chthonic glow is turning miraculously into the ethereal flush of dawn; and because, down here in the shadow . . . there floats or dances through Space and Time a living chain of goddesses, hand linked in hand: the endless procession of the Hours.

It is perhaps unfair to quote a man taken with a Watts in a peroration, but that mystical belief in the oncoming dawn and the way in which space, time, and the hours are given the rôle of mentors is typical of the evolutionary standpoint. The conception is based uneasily on the interpretation of primitive cultures as fossils. Anthropologists find that they will not fulfil this rôle, Africa has its iron age immediately after its stone age, the agricultural cultures of America skip the domestication stage. Above all anthropology lays bare the fact that the technique of a culture can improve while its ideas remain stationary, or the ideas can keep pace with the technique, or nothing whatever may happen in the way of change, or even a sickness may attack a culture so that it dies of what we can at present only describe as boredom. But more interesting than the chaotic nature of cultural development is the modern view that all cultures are of equal value as solutions of the problem of how to live. The mind of a culture is as interesting as the mind of another adult (and is not to be) compared with the mind of a child.

Mr. Goldenweiser's book is an introduction to Primitive Culture and an explanation of the rôle of anthropology as a psychological study rather than an historical one. It suffers from a certain germanic solemnity of style, but a great deal may be forgiven a man who has been labelled as a "Professor of Thought and Culture." The solemnity cannot mask the fascination of the material or its importance. Those who believe that anthropology is dull, or who believe that Mass Observation is a silly stunt, should read it.

The American Plains Indians were in the habit of taking a year's suicide pledge; without trying to take their own lives they committed themselves to a course of conduct that rendered their death almost certain at the hands of tribal enemies. The ideas of the society which encouraged this are known to us and we can see its meaning in relation to their culture. It would be a good thing if we knew as much about the ideas which allow us to make our costly date with death; perhaps we may be able to do something about it when we know. Something more than piping happily that, given time, "the grasses that are trodden down, they will grow up again."

ANTHONY WEST



DRAMA!

Can he go through with it? He lifts the blade and gingerly tests its edge. It had seemed easy planning days ahead, but his nerve fails him now the time has arrived. He thinks of people who suffer agony all their lives because of the very same thing . . . . He can't! He won't! But no, it is too late now to change his mind. Mentally he squares his shoulders and he turns to pick up the blade which seemed to glitter menacingly in the morning sunlight—he's gone too far now, and can do nothing but go through with it. Footsteps are heard growing nearer, he braces himself for the act, the door opens . . .

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Whether or not it's your first shave you should send for a free sample of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream to Euthymol, Dept. 119/21, Beak Street, London, W.1, or better still, get a large tube for 1/6 at your chemist. It leaves the face satin smooth without a trace of soreness.

Angry suits!

Mr. Harold Nicholson, in his entertaining volume—"Small Talk"—describes the "angry suit" which Herbert Spencer designed to soothe his nerves. It was a sort of one-piece overall which Spencer entered from the middle.

It is true, as Mr. Nicholson says, that the problem of how to reconcile comfort with decency existed before Herbert Spencer and persists after his death. "It is the problem of how to steer between the rocks of discomfort and the sandbanks of looking a joke. It is the problem of how to be individual without being funny."

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DOES COLONEL BLIMP EXIST?

by DAVID LOW

DOES COLONEL BLIMP exist? Of course. We met in the steam-room long ago.

I had entered thinking I was alone, but hearing an intermittent gurgling and whistling—"Gagsrr . . . . gagsrr . . ." going on in the corner, I peered through the murky inferno and dimly discerned an ectoplasmic form, faintly pink, at the far end of the bench. It was Colonel Blimp . . . . . .

. . . . . .

I have never seen him clothed; and I strongly suspect that he has no clothes. It may be that the trousers of his youth in wearing out assumed symbolic significance, and that as a matter of principle he refuses to get new ones. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Blimp is Tradition. What was good enough for William the Conqueror is good enough for him. To the problems of the motor age he is apt to apply the technique of equitation; and he solves the problem of inconvenient plenty by . . . . . .

. . . . . .

Never have I met a man with more numerous and more powerful relatives. A family that in the present generation can boast of . . . . . .

. . . . . .

To fill the gaps in Colonel Blimp's Biography, read the whole of Low's Brilliant Article in the New Issue of

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128 pages **6d.**

KELLOGG OR CLAUSEWITZ?

Britain Faces Germany. By A. L. KENNEDY. *Jonathan Cape.* 5s.

Capt. Kennedy has nothing extraordinarily new to say, but he provides a piece of clear and accurate thinking-aloud, a really well-done guide to that German question which so ominously darkens the international sky. While readily admitting British weakness and French negation, his analysis of German methods and mentality is all the more damning for its almost meticulous restraint.

Capt. Kennedy exonerates Monsieur Barthou himself, but he regards the famous French "No" of April 17th, 1934, as a disastrous mistake which encouraged Hitler, in March, 1936, to "go over to gangsterism in foreign affairs," instead of reserving frank Nazi technique for internal use. For 1937 Capt. Kennedy advocates a direct British offer to Germany of colonial concessions in West Africa (only) and some sort of encouragement in Eastern Europe. This suggestion is shipwrecked in a sea of paradox, indeed it is emasculated in advance by the author's masterly analysis of *Mein Kampf*. For this has revealed that Hitler "revives the pre-war doctrine of Pan-Germanism" which offers to establish a far more repressive system on the Danube than the Habsburg Monarchy to whose administrative failure Capt. Kennedy attributes the immediate outbreak of the Great War.

In return for British concessions, Germany is to abandon the educational and propagandistic characteristics of National Socialism. Hitler, as Capt. Kennedy shows, makes peace-loving declarations for the *Ausland* while "teaching his own people all the time to despise peace." To accept our suggestions and abandon Clausewitz' definition of war as a proper instrument of policy in favour of the principles of Kellogg, he would have to deny Hitlerism. Hitlerism, further, advocates a dexterous combination of force with duplicity, a fact which poisons the prospects of any negotiation in advance. Nor does Capt. Kennedy entirely believe that Germany without Hitler could be trusted to a normal extent; he is particularly interesting when he points out the potentially sinister significance of the German words *Vertrag* (Treaty) and *versprechen* (to promise):

> At present the Nazi leaders are trying to make Germany into a nation of pagan warriors. That is the tragedy. But all Germans do not want to be pagan warriors. That is the hope.

So long as all civilised Germans are oppressed, this hope must appear to Capt. Kennedy's readers to be tragically slender. "If the Nazi system," he concludes, "is to be made a scourge to humanity, we must oppose it to the end, as we opposed Napoleon until his power to do harm was destroyed."

MUDIE'S is closed!

The employees of Mudie's Library, which closed its doors on July 10th, were thrown out of work with ONLY A WEEK'S NOTICE. There are cases of great hardship, especially among the older men and women, many of whom have been employed by Mudie's for FORTY YEARS AND OVER, and for whom there is NO PENSION OR PROVIDENT FUND whatever. A Committee is helping them to employment where possible and with grants of money where re-employment is difficult on account of age. Those who wish to HELP BY DONATION or OFFERS OF EMPLOYMENT are invited to communicate with the Honorary Secretary,

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FACES AND PLACES

Caravansary and Conversation. Memories of Places and Persons. By RICHARD CURLE. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

This is more like a menu than a book, but if you search it at leisure, you will find many tit-bits and side-dishes worth savouring. The author is known principally for his writings on Joseph Conrad, and again in this collection he has some things to say about him. One is memorable; it is a remark by Conrad about W. H. Hudson. "If I were a beastly bird, Hudson would take more interest in me than he does." Hudson paid Mr. Curle the unique honour of taking him to watch sea-birds at Wells in Norfolk. It is true that he regretted it, and acted so monumentally during the week-end that the guest fled in humble terror. He saw Hudson, however, in moments of receptive inspiration, and it was worth while. "Many people have remarked on the hawk-like expression of Hudson's face, but to me it was Indian. To see him in the dusk, solitary by a tree, still as an image and with all his senses on the alert, suggested more than anything else a listening Red Indian of the olden days." Mr. Curle says quite wrongly of Hudson that "in English-speaking countries his work is neglected at the moment." Actually the sale of Hudson's books has increased since his death, and interest in his work steadily grows. It is Conrad, Mr. Curle's hero, who has suffered the slump. A sad matter, because I believe with the author that Conrad has a greatness in him which has suffered too dense a temporary eclipse during the latter-day recoil from romanticism. But that recoil has already spent its force, and it is likely that Conrad's work will come into its own again.

The bits about people are the most interesting part of the book, which contains a good deal of disconnected travel. On one or two points the author is challengeable. He describes William Michael Rossetti's house in St. John's Wood, which to this day stands intact with its pre-Raphaelite treasures. He speaks of "the hours I spent dozing or reading on the huge sofa on which Shelley passed his last night on earth." He should have said his last night in England, which was March 10th, 1818, when Shelley and Mary gave a farewell party to the Hunts, in the midst of which the poet was overtaken by one of his fits of slumber, falling to sleep on the sofa while his friends celebrated. Again, Mr. Curle says that Conrad and Galsworthy "first met on board a sailing ship when they were both obscure and when neither even contemplated a literary career," yet lower down on the same page he says that this meeting took place *after* Conrad had shown the unfinished manuscript of *Almayer's Folly* to another passenger during the previous voyage of the Torrens.

These carpings, however, put an unfair stress on minor faults. The book as a whole, if it can be called a whole, is alive because it is a recounting of first-hand experiences, by a man who has learned to write adequately. He obviously has had a gift for friendship and for waking interest and confidence from the strong individualities whom he has known, fastidious selectors such as Hudson, Conrad, Galsworthy, Edward Thomas, Edward Garnett, and others of that literary circle. Unconsciously (which is the only convincing way) he makes the reader understand why those great men chose to offer him their valuable intimacy.

RICHARD CHURCH

SHORTER NOTICES

A Woman Surgeon. The Life and Work of Rosalie Slaughter Morton. *Robert Hale.* 12s. 6d.

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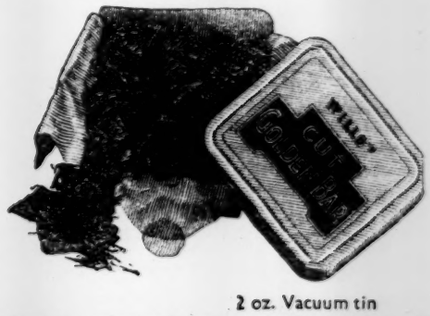

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tion and, later, the organisation of America's women doctors during the Great War. In the course of post-graduate study in Europe she gained the friendship of Ibsen; also of Tolstoy, risking imprisonment by bringing to him in Moscow editions of his own works which could neither be published nor openly circulated in Tsarist Russia. Dr. Morton did great work among the Serbs, both in the war and during the subsequent period of reconstruction. As an example of the sufferings endured by these people she recalls a talk with a dying patient whose wife and children had been killed before his eyes. "My little children's heads were cut off. Drunken soldiers played ball with them." Later Dr. Morton was instrumental in arranging for the education of sixty young Serbs in the United States. This book is interesting and well-written. The author states that she regards a normal major operation as a simple task. She wields the pen as confidently as the scalpel.

The Ways of Birds. By THORA STOWELL. "Design of Life" Series. *Country Life.* 5s.

The author of this book was faced with a formidable task in having to survey the whole wide world of bird life in 158 pages. She has succeeded. Serious omissions, almost inevitable in a book of this kind, are negligible, and Miss Stowell has introduced an enormous variety of birds without becoming unintelligible. The design of birds' lives in Nature is well shown and from that their relationship with, and their tacit part in, human life emerge clearly. In some cases, the wording of chapter headings is slightly misleading. Under "Birds that Cannot Fly" the kiwi, the penguins and the extinct great auk are omitted. "Bird Thieves" refers only to the cuckoo while giving an impression that it might cover all birds with instincts for larceny, such as the skuas or the jackdaw. In "Penguins and their Cousins" there are no cousins, while to label the chapter on owls "Pirates of the Night" is needlessly picturesque in a serious book. The drawings of the feet of different birds on page 17 have two pictures of a coot's foot for no reason that is apparent. It is curious, too, that, though these drawings are very good indeed, those of bills on page 31 are extremely bad. One may disagree with the author on a few small points. Uncommon is, perhaps, a better word than rare for the buzzard (page 66). Gulls are not confined only to harbours and shipping tracks (page 105). The herring gull, in particular, rings the coasts with the terrible "white patrol" that takes such fearful toll of tired migrants. The condor almost never kills (page 110), as it is a carrion-eater for preference. And surely arithmetic has gone astray on page 127, where a pigeon is said to have carried "fifty thousand" dispatches of a weight less than a gramme. But these are small points. The book is a delight to read, is really informative and illustrated by photographs that have been chosen with a skilful eye equally on text and picture. There is also an excellent index.

The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry. By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE. *Rider.* 42s.

This work should properly be reviewed by an advanced student of Masonic lore, as it is written almost entirely for such. The popular and uninstructed world who are not Masons will find little intelligible or of interest in it. A stupendous amount of research in the Archives of Masonry is revealed and the connection of the latter traced with the secret fraternities of the Middle Ages like the Alchemists, Kabbalists and the Martinists, as well as later developments such as the Knightly Grades and the Rosicrucians. One marvels at the multiplicity of these, but is left in the dark as to their influence and the numbers of their adherents. *The Secret Tradition* is difficult to trace, but perhaps it is "A story without an end of the Mind of Man in its relation to the Divine in the Universe." And the author would appear to castigate Anderson and Desaguliers for their calculated omission of Christian Philosophy when compiling the ritual and constitutions of the present British Craft Masonry. Erudite as Dr. Waite undoubtedly is, his work would gain greatly in clarity by vigorous pruning of a text which is very discursive and difficult to read. For instance, in the Chapter "Freemasonry and the French Revolution," a subject of interest to laymen as well as Freemasons, although the reader is left with the impression that Freemasonry had no connection with the Revolution, he is not told what the charges were or how they were disproved. Numerous footnotes and references to other works on related subjects conspire to make this book more suitable for inclusion in a Masonic Library than for reading by anybody who is anxious to increase his knowledge of the history and meaning of the Craft. A word of praise is due to the head and tailpieces which are interesting and described with commendable brevity and clearness. The full page plates are nearly all portraits.

Man Hunters. By GEORGE DILNOT. *Robert Hale.* 12s. 6d.

Describes some seventeen crimes of the twentieth century in which outstanding ingenuity has been shown by detectives of all nationalities. There are also a discourse on detection itself, maintaining that excessive reliance upon scientific method encumbers inquiry as often as it aids it, a chapter on the creation of the famous "G" men who reformed American methods and a plea for a national police force in England to unify the 183 local forces that exist at present. It is a book of a journalistic kind, but clearly argued and the crimes are excitingly narrated.

Week-end Competitions

No. 387

Set by Maurice Richardson

We offer the usual prizes for a short description of a—or part of a—cricket match in the style of any one of the following: Sapper, Ouida, William Hickey, Marx, Godfrey Winn, Ronald Firbank, Cocteau, Clive Bell, Hemingway, Maugham, Proust.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 20th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 385

Set by T. W. Earp

The usual prizes are offered for the best character, of not more than 250 words, in the manner of Earle or Overbury, of a snob, a bore or a faux bonhomme.

Report by T. W. Earp

Many of the answers received were more seventeenth-century than the models, and the result of judging this competition is a strong tendency to lisp. Wit and acute perception flourished, but often at the expense of euphony, until it was impossible to look with favour on too great an abundance of "doth," "hath" and "eth." Lavishly employed as a short cut to period pastiche, they became suggestive of ye olde oake because painted, like Groucho's moustache, on a modern façade. Earle and Overbury have quite as much "s" as "eth," and run with smoothness. But the victims offered were well harried, excepting the faux bonhomme. Competitors are to be congratulated on the apparent infrequency of their acquaintance with him. Here is a brief anthology on the Snob: "One to whom all the world is a market, and flattery a ready token." "He rideth ever in Rolls-Royces, though he cannot afford a bicycle of his own." "He is a connoisseur of addresses." "His frequentest remarque to those he deemes his inferiours is of his want of pride, whereby he keeps all in place." And on the Bore: "An exceeding small 'i' which will alwaies be abusing the capital." "He dilateth to the drawers upon blending of wines." "Is one who cannot contain his thoughts." "To the quiet man he is an itch that may not be scratched." "Yet he is no ill-doer, for his own tongue tells the worst of him." The first prize goes to R. D. C., who catches, and sustains, something of Overbury's raciness, and has a good twist in the tail. The second, to Richard Pennington, for an echo of Earle's more pensive strain.

FIRST PRIZE

A SNOB

Is one who has looked on a lord with that same adulation he craves himself vainly from other men. Like the moon, he shines only by reflected light; and he shines the more brightly in the absence of his sun. He shuns the vulgar as a poor shepherd the taintworm, for the reputation of keeping good company is no less precious to him than his flocks to good Colin. His talk is of the rich, but his eye wanders, lest one should escape his net. His hell is, that he should not receive an invitation. He values all Phyllis's fair tresses less than one dirty lock in the wig of a Dowager. The illustrious avoid him only by the passage of one more illustrious, but he shall no more escape slighting than a roaring blade the pox. He sometimes indeed neglects wealth and rank for the pursuit of intellectual notoriety; by which he is certainly the more noxious. Nevertheless, he is little harmful, except that he fosters by flattery the vanity of the rich, and by his abjection their insolence; in which offices, God knows, his services are supernumerary. He is a great defender of existing orders. He is a pillar of that society in which he finds himself; and the strong cement of the State.

Earle's Microcosmography: LXXIX

R. D. C.

SECOND PRIZE

A BORE

Is a walking voice, a broadcasting company in himself, disseminating dullness; for his news is already stale, his mirth without savour, and even his accent unpleasing. He hath this further defect that one cannot intermit him at will, but one must void one's own club or parlour to escape.

He hath no friends, for his voice, like thunderstorms, hath turned the milk of human kindness sour. He is a skilful performer upon one instrument—his own trumpet; but as it hath but one tune the music

London Amusements

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COLISEUM. **St. Moritz.** Daily, 2.30.

COMEDY. **Busman's Honeymoon.** Tu., Fri.

DUKE of YORK'S. **Black Limelight.** W., Sat.

GARRICK. **Sarah Simple.** Mon., Thurs.

GLOBE. **They Came By Night.** Wed., Thur.

HIS MAJESTY'S. **Balalaika.** Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. **Victoria Regina.** Wed. & Thurs.

PHOENIX. **Judgment Day.** Thurs., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. **Whiteoaks.** Wed., Thurs., Sat.

ST. JAMES'S. **Old Music.** Wed., Thurs.

ST. MARTIN'S. **Gertie Maude.** Fri. Aug. 20.

STRAND. **A Spot of Bother.** Tues., Thurs.

WHITEHALL. **Anthony & Anna.** Thurs., Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. **George & Margaret.** W., Th.

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THIS WEEK subscribers to FACT receive the new FACT Pocket History of the British Workers, by Raymond Postgate. To non-subscribers: 6d. from good booksellers, or 7d., post free, from FACT (Dept. C), 19 Garrick Street, London, W.C.2. Annual subscription (12 books), 6s.

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DETAILS of rates for single or a series of insertions will be found on p. 265 of this issue.

is monotonous ; and out of the mountain of his achievement how small a mouse of personality comes forth !

He is not by nature religious yet shareth with sermons the faculty of inducing sleep, though without the civility of permitting it, wherein he showeth his true aim to be the satisfaction of his own pleasure, and not yours.

He admits neither of argument nor enquiry, which would expose the falseness of his pretentions, and all his *Ipse dixits* are as the Acts of a Council, not to be questioned.

You may know him by these signs : his exploits are all in far-distant countries whither scarce any but he hath adventured ; and his acquaintance will be all of noble birth or recent ennoblement.

In brief, had he but done a half of what he professes he would be a greater than Alexander ; but his achievement is only in the wagging of his tongue, and he is something less than Xanthippe.

RICHARD PENNINGTON

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 241.—RED, WHITE AND BLUE

" Octahedra," I remarked, " can give one quite a lot of trouble."

" Octahedra ? " said Snadgery. " Nonsense. I always find octahedra perfectly simple."

" You do, do you ? " said I. " Then have a shot at this. I've got three pots of paint : red, white and blue. (Patriotic, you see, in spite of the Bolshies I write for.) I've also (you may assume) an unlimited number of wooden octahedra, whose faces I'm proposing to paint. Each face of each octahedron must be painted either red, white or blue."

" Are they regular octahedra ? " asked Snadgery, suspiciously.

" Of course, you ass. And the problem is : how many octahedra can I produce which are distinguishable from one another ? "

When I went to bed Snadgery was still wrestling with the problem.

What is the answer ?

PROBLEM 240.—PINPRICKS

Corrigendum. The question should have read : *How many points did Todger score against Toots ?*

PROBLEM 239.—THE BOWLING MATCH.

Solution by A. L. Kneen

There are 9 ways of scoring 20 at 11 ends by means of 4s, 3s, 2s and 1s—but only three of these are of any value to the problem since in only three cases can the money totals resulting be divided by three : i.e. so that no money changes hands. They are :

	Score.	Money.
A.	4 4 3 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 = 20	10–10–6–3–1–1–1–1–1–1–1 = 36
B.	4 3 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 = 20	10– 6–3–3–3–1–1–1–1–1 = 33
C.	3 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 = 20	6– 3–3–3–3–3–3–3–1–1–1 = 30

In A. since no money changed hands, the distribution must have been

	10–1–1	10–1–1	6–3–1–1
In B	10–1	6–3–1–1	3–3–3–1
In C.	6–3–1	3–3–3–1	3–3–3–1

i.e. The ends won were A. 3–3–5
B. 2–4–5
C. 3–4–4

Since Tom and Dick won the same number of ends and there were 33 in all, Harry must have won an odd number not 11 ; i.e., 9 or 13.

Now if he wins 13, one gets no result.

But if 9—i.e., 3–2–4, Tom can win 5–4–3 and Dick 3–5–4.

∴ *Harry wins 9 ends.*

1st game, 1 four and 2 singles.
2nd game, 1 four and 1 single.
3rd game, 3 twos and 1 single.

PROBLEM 238.—PLYMOUTH HOE

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to C. Holroyd Russell, 415, Park West, Marble Arch, W.2.

Four points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

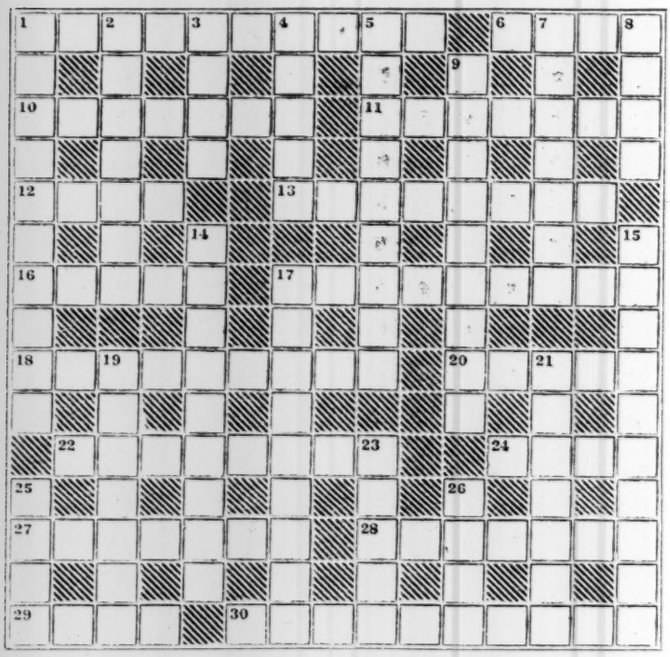
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 388

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Miss Rankin, 16, route de Malagnou, Geneva

ACROSS

1. What the p.c. takes after getting a licking. (10)
6. Such a seaman is half of this. (4)
10. Comments about German money. (7)
11. Eyes have they, yet they see not. (7)
12. " Streamlined " part of the railway service. (4)
13. Where peepers get a look in. (8)
16. Suggests a fall in turnover. (5)
17. They are skilled in the use of blowpipes. (9)
18. International tacticians ? (9)
20. A later ode on Keats includes it. (5)
22. Reverses caused by squaring one's shoulders perhaps. (8)
24. Does he knot things in a row ? (4)
27. Where it could be sleep. (7)
28. May give its card. (7)
29. Cause of ups and downs for those whose living is by the sea. (4)
30. Where Justice is inclined to conviction for faults ? (10)

DOWN

1. Do they defray the expenses of a political reception ? (10)
2. Not a sacred old arithmetic book. (7)
3. See it comes second in England. (4)
4. Jobs for which one has to inquire inside. (5)
5. Trousers in which one pockets the cash ? (9)
7. A marksman, but not always a marked man, keeps on the right side of them. (7)
8. The direction to take a step in. (4)
9. Journalistic rôle taken terminally by schoolmasters. (9)
14. On this mount you might expect to go up in smoke. (9)
15. A North Briton competes on the turf. (10)
17. Can farces produce so tragic a lady ? (9)
19. How would-be kings used to make-believe. (7)
21. She takes the current course no doubt. (7)
23. Ceased being neutral. (5)
25. Will give one a good roasting in turn. (4)
26. Nothing takes the Air Force up at this game. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	E	M	B	E	R	S	■	E	N	A	M	E	L	■
D	U	■	L	■	E	■	N	■	N	■	N	■	C	
R	O	S	E	B	U	D	■	T	O	A	S	T	E	R
E	■	K	■	O	■	C	■	E	■	C	■	R	■	A
S	T	R	A	W	B	E	R	R	Y	R	O	A	N	S
S	■	A	■	■	■	■	T	■	U	■	I	■	H	
I	N	T	E	G	E	R	■	A	B	S	I	N	T	H
N	■	■	■	O	■	E	■	I	■	I	■	■	■	E
G	L	O	B	O	I	D	■	N	O	S	T	R	I	L
R	■	F	■	D	■	B	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	M
O	F	F	I	C	E	R	I	N	C	H	A	R	G	E
O	■	S	■	H	■	E	■	O	■	A	■	E	■	T
M	A	I	Z	E	N	A	■	S	C	R	I	B	E	S
■	■	D	■	E	■	S	■	E	■	E	■	I	■	■
■	F	E	R	R	E	T	■	S	E	M	I	T	E	■

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

AUGUST MARKETS—NEWSPRINT AND NEWSPAPER SHARES—GREEK DEBT DEFAULT—COTTON CROP ESTIMATES

After an encouragingly firm tone in Bank Holiday week, stock markets have begun the new account with no fireworks and a fair amount of profit-taking. Speculators had clearly opened positions for "new time" on a considerable scale, anticipating a flood of buying orders from the public on Monday. The flood did not materialise; the public, still not convinced that the stage is set for a broad market advance, evidently took to heart the note of caution sounded by the daily press over the week-end. In consequence, there was a noticeable tendency on the part of professional operators to shorten sail on Tuesday and Wednesday. At the same time, there is no great volume of stock on jobbers' books, and a very moderate revival of investment buying would cause a sharp upward movement. Base metal shares look good for a rise. Zinc Corporation at 6 5/16 and Selection Trust at 40s. 6d. are attractive in their respective fields, and Roan Antelope's second quarter earnings were impressive. At the current rate of development the company should soon be marketing close on 100,000 tons of copper a year. At the metal's current price, this would indicate net profits of over 10s. per share. On this calculation the 5s. shares at 7 5/16 are not overvalued from the short-term viewpoint, but with production steadily increasing, copper prices will not be maintained indefinitely at £60 per ton.

* * *

Investors in newspaper shares have received an uncomfortable reminder that their interests can be seriously affected by changes in the price of newsprint—a raw material accounting for approximately 30 per cent. of the production costs of a mass-circulation daily. As a result of the considerable increase—over 60 per cent. as compared with a year ago—in the cost of ground wood-pulp, Bowaters, Ltd. (now in control of the Edward Lloyd Mills and producing nearly two-thirds of Fleet Street's supplies of British-made newsprint) stood to be hard hit by their contracts to deliver newsprint in 1938 on a £10 per ton basis. The market's recognition of the difficulties of Bowaters' position was shown in the past six months' fall from 40 shillings to about 20 shillings in the quotation for their £1 Ordinary shares. Negotiations for a revision of contract terms between Bowaters and their principal customers, which had been proceeding for some time, reached a conclusion towards the end of last week when it was announced that the basic price would be raised for 1938 deliveries to £11 10s. per ton. This compares with quotations of £12 10s. and nearly £13 per ton now ruling, respectively, for Scandinavian and Canadian supplies.

* * *

Bowaters are thus extricated from the soup, though their shares seem fully valued for the present at 23s. But the new price, which may well be exceeded for 1939, will cut badly into newspaper profits. Estimates are that Odhams' newsprint bill will go up by over £200,000 and that of Lord Camrose's Allied Newspapers by over £150,000. Since Odhams' equity earnings disclosed for 1936 were £235,000 and those of Allied Newspapers £360,000, the effect on dividends may well be drastic, and—with one qualification—the same applies to Associated Newspapers, Lord Rothermere's combine. That group has a large interest in the Anglo-Newfoundland Mills, from which it buys its newsprint; but no increase likely in dividends received from its investment will offset the extra cost of paper incurred by its newspapers. Ultimately, one supposes, dearer costs of production will compel retrenchment in extravagant expenditure devoted to canvassing readers and other devices whereby inflated circulations have been built up. There will be less ammunition available for the "net sales" war; for it would be difficult to economise greatly by using poorer newsprint, and the size of issues could only be cut down by (*a*) shutting out paying advertisements or (*b*) packing pages with advertisements so tightly that both readers and advertisers would rebel. But so long as the Press Barons' dearest ambition is to usher their rivals into Carey Street, a circulation truce will be slow to materialise. I should not care to buy newspaper shares to-day on anything less than a 10 per cent. yield basis.

* * *

Holders of Greek bonds are having one raw deal. Notwithstanding the fact that the budget revenues assigned for service of the foreign debt have risen since 1933–34 from Drs. 3,360 millions to Drs. 4,460 millions, the Council of Foreign Bondholders is confronted with a flat refusal by the Greek Government to pay more than Drs. 930 million, or 40 per cent. of the Drs. 2,300 millions of annual interest due. With one important qualification, there is no case for pleading difficulties of transfer. The harvests, this year, in Greece are good, and rapidly expanding exports have almost wiped out the import surplus on merchandise trade account. The debtor balance is probably met by the expansion, this year, in the earnings of Greek shipping. The qualification is that, under the pro-Nazi Metaxas regime, the lion's share of the foreign trade of Greece has been diverted to Germany, and for her exports to Naziland she gets, not "free" foreign exchange, but "compensated" deliveries of munitions and other German manufactures. So long as Greece is attached more and more closely to the German axis, not merely will her budget be crippled by expenditure for war-preparedness; transfers for foreign debt service can, and doubtless will, be prevented by this artificial distortion of her foreign trade. Greek 6 per cents have fallen to £35, and the 7 per cents to £43 as a result of this wilful and deliberate default. At those prices they flatter the political honesty and good intentions of General Metaxas. The future destiny of the bonds, I fear, is to paper the walls of lavatories on the Berlin-Athens express.

* * *

On the unexpectedly high estimate of a crop of 15,593,000 bales issued by the American Cotton Bureau, the New York quotation for October cotton has fallen to 10.40 cents, and the Liverpool price to 5¾*d.* per lb., as compared with nearly 7*d.* per lb. a month ago. For Lancashire the fall is an embarrassment, since considerable stocks of yarn and piece-goods have to be marketed which were manufactured on the basis of raw material at 7*d.* per lb. and more. The prospect is that world supplies of new cotton will appreciably exceed consumption in 1937-38, and the Cotton Lobby at Washington will press Mr. Roosevelt to sanction a loan to cotton-growers. If he consents, the President will doubtless couple the loan with the re-introduction of crop control. This may succeed in stabilising prices round their present level. Otherwise 10 cent cotton seems inevitable unless—as is always possible—the 223 lbs. per acre yield estimated by the Bureau is too high.

Scottish Ambulance Work in Spain

Appeal from Sir Daniel Stevenson, Chairman.

The Members of the Unit have come home for a short rest, much needed after the seven months of strenuous work, without a break, of the second campaign on the various Fronts in the central section, which covers a radius of 40 to 50 miles around Madrid.

Apart from evacuation of non-combatants to safe villages and especially to the coast, carried on in co-operation with the British Embassy, the Unit has had much more trying work during these seven months than it had during the four months of the first campaign, September to December. It has included the gruelling experiences of the Jarama, Toledo and Brunete Fronts, besides the almost continuous bombardments of Madrid itself.

The "Comandante," Miss Jacobsen, and her helpers might well have been expected to feel that they had done their bit during these eleven months, but far from this being the case, they are each and all determined to return to Spain. Their representations were carefully considered by the Executive Committee, which consented unanimously on the understanding that the work could only be carried on to the same extent as in the past if the public's support were equally generous.

This, of course, involves not only the transport and maintenance of the Unit, the cost of which is considerable in spite of all the members being voluntary and unpaid, but new equipment is also necessary. The *liaison* or service car, which was smashed last month, must be replaced and a special ambulance of the type used by the St. Andrews Association is much needed for handling stretcher cases of non-combatants, especially those requiring to be transported for long distances.

In addition to ambulance work properly so called, the succouring of the non-combatant population, particularly the starving women and children and aged men, must be provided for, especially in the poorer districts. This becomes every day more and more clamant and must be continued if the Unit is to maintain its hitherto unchallenged reputation for humanitarian activities irrespective of creed or politics. This means a minimum of £4,000 to £5,000 for a further campaign of at least three months. The Committee is confident that it will be forthcoming either in single payments or in monthly instalments. A prompt response will be greatly appreciated to enable us to telegraph that the Members are returning shortly. They tried to slip away quietly from Madrid, but the news of their impending departure leaked out and every one was bombarded with visits, letters and telephone calls begging and praying them not to abandon their poor friends and assuring them that "Dóis se lo pagará."

Donations addressed to Sir Daniel Stevenson, 5, Cleveden Rd., Glasgow, will be gratefully acknowledged.

Company Meeting

ASSOCIATED BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION

PROSPERITY IN ALL BRANCHES

The annual general meeting of Associated British Picture Corporation, Limited, was held on August 10th at Winchester House, in London.

Mr. John Maxwell, the chairman of the company, who presided, dealt first in great detail with the figures in the balance sheet. Reviewing in a general way matters affecting the film and cinema industry, he recalled that 10 years ago their Corporation first became a public company (British International Pictures, Limited).

The passing of the Films Act of 1927 had made it clear that the Government attached great importance to building up a successful film production industry in this country, and, notwithstanding many difficulties, the Corporation had, he thought successfully, built a strong and comprehensive structure embracing the three main branches of the industry. The 10 years life of the Films Act being on the point of expiry the Government had announced their intention of renewing the Act for a further period of 10 years, and had outlined proposals which showed their intention that, in its second decade, the Films Act would aim to develop and broaden the basis of the film industry and give it protection for achieving more ambitious objectives.

FILM PRODUCTION.

In their own case he was glad to say that the film production department of their business was functioning in good shape, and would, in the current financial year, yield substantial profits. That estimate was based on the fact that their film distribution department had shown an increase in turnover in the last six months of more than 50 per cent., while production costs had been coming down to a rational basis.

He felt that shareholders need have no qualms regarding the proposed legislation affecting the film and cinema industry, and, with all three departments of their business now showing increased profits, he could confidently predict both for the current year and for some time to come an increase in prosperity in which the shareholders might reasonably expect further to participate. He would conclude by adding that such results as the Corporation had achieved could not have been realised without the loyal, earnest and energetic co-operation of a highly-trained, experienced and competent staff, to which he would tender on behalf of the directors and shareholders very hearty thanks.

The report was adopted.

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